



Vivimus dum Bibimus.

Ebrietatis Encomium:

OR, THE P R A I S E O F DRUNKENNESS.

WHEREIN

Is authentically, and most evidently proved, The *Necessity* of frequently getting Drunk; and, That the *Practice* of getting Drunk is most *Ancient, Primitive, and Catholic.*

CONFIRMED

By the *EXAMPLES* of *Heathens, Turks, Infidels, Primitive Christians, Saints, Popes, Bishops, Doctors, Philosophers, Poets, Free Masons, Gormogons,* and other tope-ing *Societies,* and Men of *Learning* in all Ages.

By *BONIFACE OINOPHILUS,*
de Monte Fiascone, A. B. C.

Wine maketh glad the Heart of Man. DAVID.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's Head,* in *Rose-Street,*
Covent-Garden. MDCCXLIII. Price 2 s. 6 d.

Epistolae Encomiasticae:

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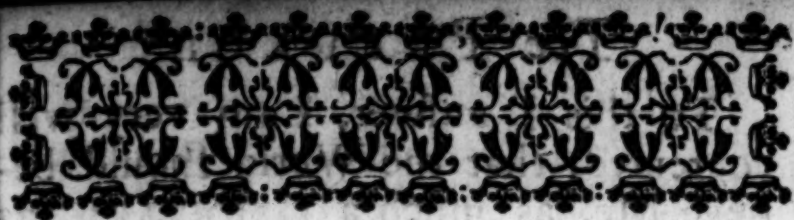
By HOMERACE OLIVOSPHILUS,
A. B. C.

Assembled at the Heart of Adam. David.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by J. G. at the Sign of the Heart, in the Strand.
Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.



THE PREFACE.

IF ever Preface might serve for an Apology, certainly this ought to do so. The bare Title of the Book is enough to have it universally cried down, and to give the World an ill Opinion of its Author; for People will not be backward to say, that He who writes the PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS, must be a DRUNKARD by Profession; and who, by discoursing on such a Subject, did nothing but what was in his own Trade, and resolved not to move out of his own Sphere, not unlike BALDWIN a Shoemaker's Son (and a Shoe-Maker) in the Days of Yore, who published a *Treatise on the SHOES of the Antients*) having a firm Resolution strictly to observe this Precept, *Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*

The PREFACE.

To this I answer, I am very well contented, that the World should believe Me, as much a DRUNKARD, as ERASMUS, who wrote THE PRAISE OF FOLLY, was a FOOL, and weigh me in the same Balance.

But some will say, what Good can a Man propose to himself in being a PANEGYRIST FOR DRUNKENNESS? To solve this Difficulty I shall make use of a Comparison.

M. PELISSON, in his *History of the FRENCH ACADEMY*, says, that MENAGE did not compose that famous *Requete des Dictionnaires*, in which he ridicules all the *Academicks*, on account of any Aversion he had to *them*, but purely to divert *himself*, and not to lose the witty Turns that came into his Head upon *that Subject*. In the same manner, I declare that I did not undertake this Work on account of any Zeal I have for WINE, you must think, but only to divert my self, and not to lose a great many curious Remarks I have made upon this most *Catholic Liquid*.

It may farther be objected, that this Work is so stuffed with Quotations

that

The PREFACE.

well that they hinder the Book it self from
being seen ; like what I heard say of a
Country Fellow, who complained when
he left London, that he could not see it
for the Houses. As an Excuse for all the
others, I shall make use of one Quota-
tion more, and this I shall borrow from
M. Bayle. * “ There is no room to
“ doubt, says he, but some Readers
“ will judge, that there are a little too
“ many Quotations in this Work, which
“ is no less a Disorder, they will say,
“ than what happens in some Cities,
“ where the Strangers are more nume-
“ rous than the Citizens. But of what
“ Importance is it to Travellers, that
“ such Disorder appears in any Coun-
“ try, provided they find in it honest
“ Folks. There is no Reason why
“ Reading may not be compared to
“ Travelling. We should therefore be
“ very little concerned, whether, ac-
“ cording to the antient Country Fru-
“ gality, we are entertained with what
“ is of its proper Growth ; or, if instead

* *Prof. des Rep. aux Quest. d'un Pr. T. I.*

The PREFACE.

“ of the Flesh of domestic Animals, and
“ the Fruits of our own Vineyards and
“ Gardens, we are served with what
“ comes from the Market. That which
“ really is of Consequence, is, that the
“ Meat be wholesome and well dressed
“ and the Wine good, &c. *Unde ha-*
“ *beat quærat nemo sufficit habere.*

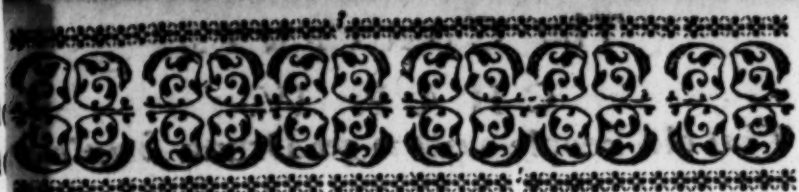
As to the rest, I am very far from the
Sentiments of a certain Writer, who
having found in his Book *one* Fault only
consulted one of his Friends, whether
he should put down *Errata* or *Erratum*.
For my part, I subscribe with all my
Heart to the *Errata* of *Benserade*, and
in his Words frankly own, that altho’

*Pour moy parmi des fautes innombrables
Je n’en connois que deux considerables
Et dont je fais ma declaration
C’est l’entreprise & l’exécution
A mon avis fautes irreparables.
En ce Volume.*

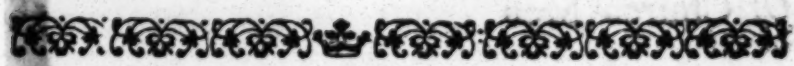
Tho’ num’rous Faults I see, in this small Book,
(And so may any One that will but look).
I know but *Two* of much Consideration,
Of which I here make publick Declaration,
The *Undertaking* and the *Execution*,
Faults too extravagant for Absolution.

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A
T A B L E
O F T H E
C H A P T E R S
C o n t a i n e d i n t h i s
B O O K.



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THE

THE
PRAISE
OF
DRUNKENNESS.

CHAP. I.

That One must be Merry.

On one Hand I have Reason to fear, that the Title of this Book will offend the delicate Ears of a great many, and make them say, that no Vice ever wanted its Advocate, *Nullo vitio*

inquam defuit advocatus. I am not, perhaps, less exposed on the other, to the Criticisms of as many Folks, who will probably apply to me, that which was said heretofore to One in *Lacedemonia*, who had a

B

Mind

2 The Praise of Drunkenness.

Mind to make an Encomium on *Hercules*,
viz. Who ever blamed *Hercules*?

Quis Herculem vituperavit?

However, though I should have no Readers at all, yet am I resolved to continue my Discourse at the Hazard, in some Manner, of imitating *Pyrrho* the Philosopher, who one Day as he was haranguing the People, seeing himself abandoned by all his Auditors, pursued very magnanimously his Declamation to the End. To enter, therefore, upon the present Subject, I lay down this as my first Position, viz. *That it is lawful to get drunk sometimes.* Which I prove thus.

Sadness is in the highest Degree, prejudicial to Health, and causes Abundance of Distempers. There is no One ignorant of this Truth. Joy (or Mirth) on the contrary, prevents and forces them away. * *as is, as the Arabians say, the Flower and Spirit of a brisk and lively Health.* Let us run over, and examine all the different States of Life, and we shall be forced to own, that there is not one of them all, but what is subject to Chagrin and Sadness; and, conse-

* Elle est, comme disent les Arabes, la Fleur & l'Esprit de la Santé vive & remuante.

The Praise of Drunkenness. 3

quently, that Joy, or Mirth, is most necessary to Men. Which very probably the Philosopher had in his Head, when he defined Man a *Risible Animal*. But be that as it will, one must certainly look upon that Maxim which recommends mingling of Pleasures with the Affairs of Life as a very wise one.

Sometimes with Mirth and Pleasure lard your Cares.

We shall confirm this Precept by a beautiful Passage out of *Seneca*, whose Writings most certainly contain no loose Morality, and which is as follows. "The Soul must not be always bent : One must sometimes allow it a little Pleasure. *Socrates* was not ashamed to pass the Time with Children. *Cato* enjoyed himself in drinking plentifully, when his Mind had been too much wearied out in publick Affairs. *Scipio* knew very well how to move that Body, so much inured to Wars and Triumphs, without breaking it, as some now a Days do, with more than womanly Pleasures ; but as People did in past Times, who would make themselves merry on their Festivals, by leading a Dance really

** Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*

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worthy Men of those Days, whence could
ensue no Reproach, when even their ve
ry Enemies had seen them dance. On
must allow the Mind some Recreation : I
makes it more gay and peaceful. And
as it is not good too much to cultivate
Soil the most fertile ; least, by yielding
too large Crops, it may soon run to De
cay and Ruin : So in the same Manner
is the Mind broken by a continued La
bour and Application. Those who re
spite a little, regain their Strength. A
sidity of Labour begets a Languor and
Bluntness of the Mind : For Sleep is ve
ry necessary to refresh us, and yet he
that would do nothing else but slee
Night and Day, would be a dead Man
and no more. There is a great deal of
Difference between loosening a Thing
and quite unravelling it. Those who
made Laws have instituted Holy-days, to
oblige People to appear at publick Re
joycings, in Order to mingle with the
Cares a necessary Temperament. There
have been several very great Men (as
have mentioned) who would set apart
certain Days of the Month for that End
and some others, who had every Day
Hours for Work, and other set Hours
for Recreation. — One must therefore
allow the Mind some Recreation. One must
allow it some Repose and Leisure, which

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may serve for new Strength and Nourishment. You must sometimes walk in the open Air, that the Mind may exalt it self by viewing the Heavens, and breathing the Air at your Ease; sometimes take the Air in your Chariot, the Roads and the Change of the Country, will re-establish you in your Vigour; or you may eat and drink a little more plentifully than usual. Sometimes One must go even as far as to get drunk; not, indeed, with an Intention to drown our selves in Wine, but to drown our Cares. For Wine drives away Sorrow and Care, and goes and fetches them up from the Bottom of the Soul. And as Drunkenness cures some Distempers, so, in like manner, it is a sovereign Remedy for our Sorrows*.

It must be confess'd, indeed, that properly speaking, this Passage of *Seneca* is levelled only against too great Affiduity in Labour and Business; the Application, however, is very just in Relation to Chagrin, which causes in Men's Minds a far greater Alteration than can be excited by the most rude Labour either of Mind or Body.

The Ancients had besides this, another Motive which induced them to make mer-

* *Seneca de Tranquillitate.*

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ry, and pass their Time agreeably. They considered the short Duration of their Life, and for that Reason endeavoured to make the best Use of it they could. It will be no difficult Matter for me to prove what I here advance.

Every One knows that the *Egyptians* made Use of a very extraordinary Custom in their Festivals. They shewed to every Guest a Skeleton: This, according to some, was to make them think of Death. Others again assure us, " That this strange Figure was made Use of to a quite contrary End: " That this Image of Death was shewn for no other Intent, but to excite them to pass away their Life merrily, and to employ the few Days of its small Duration to the best Advantage; as having no other Condition to expect after Death, but that of this frightful Skeleton*.

This last Sentiment is, without Doubt, most probable; for what Likelyhood is there that People would make Reflections the most sad and serious, at a Time when they proposed only to divert, and make themselves merry. This Influence had the Sight of a Skull upon the Mind of *Trimalchion*, who, *Petronius* † tells us, thus expressed himself on that Object. " Alas! Alas! wretched

* *Histoire de Sept Sages, &c. p. 137.*

† Chap. 34.

" that

The Praise of Drunkenness.

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They that we are! What a nothing is poor
 Life! Man! we shall be all like this, when Fate
 shall have snatched us hence. Let us
 therefore rejoyce, and be merry while we
 are here. The Latin is much stronger.

*Hæu! Hæu! nos miseros! quam totus homuncio
 non est! Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.
 Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse, bene.*

A little before he said almost the same
 Thing. "Alas! Wine therefore lives lon-
 ger than Man, let us then sit down and
 drink Bumpers; Life and Wine are the
 same Thing. *Hæu! Hæu! Ergo diutius vi-
 uir vivamus, quam homuncio. Quæ Tongomienas
 faciamus, vita vinum est.* This puts me in
 Mind of what *Athenæus* * reports of an
Egyptian, called *Mycerinus*. This Man ha-
 ving been told by the Oracle, that he had
 but a very short Time to live, resolved to
 make the most of that short Space, and to
 that End did nothing but drink Night and
 Day.

This Thought of an approaching Death,
 is not so importunate as is believed, since it
 is, says an † anonymous *French Author*, a

* *Lib. 10. cap. 10.*

† *Reflex. sur les Morts plais. p. 22.*

principal Beauty of an ancient Hymn of
the Poet *Cecilius*. "Let me be assured, says
"he, that I shall live six Months, and I shall
"employ them so well, as to dye the seventh
"without any Regret in the World.

The same Author goes on thus, "The
"Moderns have not failed imitating the
"elegant Flights of the fine Wits of the
"ancient *Greeks and Romans*. I find, espe-
"cially, that the *Italians* come nearer to
"them; perhaps, because they are more
"proper than others to refine on Pleasure.
"This is the Character of the Nation, of
"the Truth of which I shall give no other
"Proof, than the last Lines of an Elegy,
"written by *Sannazarus*, a *Neopolitan* Gen-
"tleman. The Sense of which in *English* runs
thus.

Since vig'rous Youth, all blooming, brisk,
and gay,
Excites our tender Souls to sport and play,
Let's taste ambrosial Pleasures whilst we
may.
Those Joys to which our Souls are most in-
clin'd,
And suit the throbbing Passions of the Mind.
Let's love while soft ecstasick Fires engage,
And shew us Lovers on the World's great

Stage,

Dull Reason only suits with frightful Age.

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And see, she comes, for ever to destroy,
For ever all our Bliss, and all our Joy.

Unwelcome Age comes on with swiftest Pace;
Let's then prevent this wretched sad Dis-
grace.

O may the Terrors of approaching Fate,
Excite new Fires, inspire fresh vig'rous Heat;
That Love may Sov'reign reign in ev'ry Part,
And drive unworthy Weakness from our
Heart.

Thrice happy, if surpriz'd by Death one
Day,
Absorb'd in sweetest Bliss we die away.

But to return to my Subject. We are
told for certain, that the *Scythians* used to
drink out of a Skull; and probably they
had the same Design in doing so as the *E-
gyptians* had in looking on their Skeletons.
But leaving these Objects, which cannot be
very diverting, in what View soever one
may consider them, let us come to the
Romans. *Gruter* tells us in his *Inscriptions**,
that they used to cry out at their Feasts,

AMICI,

DUM VIVIMUS,

VIVAMUS.

* P. 609.

10 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

That is, *Friends, while we live, let us be merry.* For *Raderus* has evidently made it appear, by several Examples out of *Catullus*, *Cecilius*, *Varro*, *Anacreon*, and other antient Authors, that *vivere*, or *to live*, signifies to make merry, to give one's self up to all Kinds of Pleasures, making good Cheer &c.

I know not whether the *Gascogns*, who pronouncing the *V* Consonant like *b*, instead of *VIVIS & regnas in secula seculorum* say (as I have been informed, how true it is I know not) *BIBIS & regnas in secula seculorum*, are of the same Sentiment with *Raderus* in this Point : But very probably that good honest *German* was, who in a Kind of Ecstasy over a Bottle cry'd out

O felices populi, quorum vivere est bibere

However, to prove this, as also at the same Time to confirm what has been said above, in relation to the Motives that induced People of old Times to make merry I shall instance some Passages of the Antients. But first let us not omit this Inscription in *Gruter* *, which is not much unlike the former.

* P. 699.

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VIVE, HOSDES, DUM LICET, ATQUE VALE.

"Be merry, Landlord, and enjoy your
self while 'tis in your Power, as for the
rest, Adieu.

Martial says somewhere, Be merry to
Day, depend not on to Morrow.

Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

Catullus expresses much the same Senti-
ments, in these beautiful Verses :

"*Vivamus*——

"*Rumoresq; senum severiorum,*

"*Omnes uninus estimemus assis.*

"*Soles occidere & redire possunt ;*

"*Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,*

"*Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

"Let us be merry——

"And all the rigid Cant of peevish Age,

"Count as poor Straws that on the Surface
float.

"The Sun may roll his swift diurnal Course,

"And from the Ocean raise again his Head,

"But when our glimm'ring Lamp of Life's
expir'd,

"One long perpetual Night we then must
sleep.

Horace,

12 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

Horace, in several Places says how w
ought (according to him) to employ to th
best Advantage the little Time we have t
live ; but especially in one of his Odes
which in *English* would run thus.

All Things hereto invite. Come, come, a
way,

Let's seize the present Hours, nor vainly car
For future Time, but wisely, only fear
To lose of Life one short uncertain Day,
Or Moment, which in Death must soon de
cay,

No human Force can her strict Laws with
stand :

Her cruel Rigour no one spares,
The blooming Cheek, and hoary Hairs,
Alike submit to her victorious Hand.
O'er all she bears unbounded Sway,
All her impartial Scythe relentless mows :
'Th' ill-manner'd Tyranness no Difference
shows,

Betwixt Imperial and Plebeian Clay.

II.

When we the dark and dismal Beach
Of dreaded Floods below shall reach,
And vain, cold Phantoms quiv'ring stand,
In those sad gloomy Shades of Night,
No *Cynthia's* Charms will then command,
Nor *Iris* with her Angel's Voice delight ;

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Nor *Doris* with soft dying Languors move.
These dreary Realms exclude, alas! for
ever Love.

III.

Nor are there any boon Companions *there*,
To laugh, and sing, and make good Chear :
There shall we taste no more that wondrous
Juice,

That Nectar which the blessed Vines produce,
The Height of all our Joy, and Wishes *here*.

Nor those sweet Entertainments gay,
When by the Glass inspir'd so many Kings
We tope, and speak, and do heroick Things,
And count our selves more happy far than
they.

These Days of ours the fatal Sisters spin,
To consecrate to Love and Wine,
Let's now, e'er 'tis too late begin.

Alas! without these Pow'rs divine
What should one do with a vain useless
Thread?

What does it aught avail to breathe and
move?

One had as good be dead,
Much better be no more, than not to drink
and love.

I shall close this Chapter with one of the
Anacreontick Odes of the famous Monsieur
La Motte, Author of the *Fables Nouvelles*,
lately translated into *English* under the Title
of *Court Fables*.

“ *Buvons,*

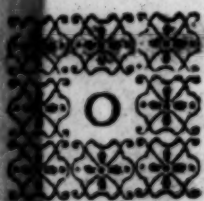
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- " *Buvons, Amis, le tems s'enfuit,*
 " *Menageons bien ce court espace.*
 " *Peut-etre une eternelle nuit*
 " *Eteindra le jour qui se passe.*
 " *Peut-etre que Charon demain*
 " *Nous recevra tous dans sa Barque,*
 " *Saisissons un moment certain!*
 " *C'est autant de pris sur la Parque.*
 " *A l'envi laissons-nous saisir,*
 " *Aux transports d'une douce Ivresse:*
 " *Qu'importe si c'est un plaisir,*
 " *Que ce soit folie ou sagesse.*
 " *Let's drink, my Friends, Time flies away*
 " *Let's husband well this little Space;*
 " *For what we know, this very Day*
 " *May to eternal Night give Place.*
 " *Let's snatch from Fate one certain Minute*
 " *Perhaps to morrow Charon's Wherry,*
 " *May every Mother's Son take in it,*
 " *And waft us o'er the Stygian Ferry.*
 " *In giddy Transports without measure*
 " *With Wine let's drown all Melancholy.*
 " *No matter, if it be a Pleasure,*
 " *Whether 'tis Wisdom call'd, or Folly.*



CHAP. II

*That Wine drives away Sorrow, and
excites Mirth.*

 **F** all the Means proper to drive
away Sorrow, and excite Mirth
in the Minds of Men, Wine
is certainly the most agreeable
and efficacious.

For in the first Place it banishes all man-
ner of Cares, and makes us entirely forget
them, producing the same Effect as the Wa-
ters of the River *Lethe* on those Souls which
were destined to enter into other Bodies.

— *Anima quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethei ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, & longa oblivio potant* *.

— Those Souls which Fate decrees
Shall other Bodies take, upon the Strand
Of *Lethe* sit, and drink secure the Flood,
And long Oblivion.

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. 6. v. 713.*

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For the same Reason, undoubtedly, I dare defined Drunkenness a certain Forgefulness caused in the Mind, through Indulgence of immoderate Drinking. His Words are these, *Ebrietas est per quam mentis quaedam oblivio generatur ex superfluatorum potuum indulgentia* *.

A certain French Poet † sings thus much in the same Tune.

“Où Thirsis cest le vin qui nous fait rejeunir
 “Et qui bannit de nos pensées
 “Le regret de choses possées,
 “Et la crainte de l’avenir.”

Yes, *Thirsis*, ’tis the Vine’s prolific Juice
 Can Youth and Beauty re-produce,
 Banish the sad Regret of former Years,
 And of Futurity the Fears.

In the next Place, Wine is a sovereign Remedy against a particular Species of Sorrow or Chagrin, I mean a Sort of inward Wearisomeness, which the French call *Ennui*. I shall explain my self a little farther, and for my Expositor I cannot make Choice of a fitter Person than Mr. de St. Evremont who after having discoursed a little on this

* Lib. 3. Etymol.

† Rec. Poes.

|| Miscel. Vol. 1.

Subject, adds, " That good Cheer with
ones Friends, is a sovereign Remedy
against this Kind of Chagrin ; for be-
sides that Conversation at such Times
becomes more free and gay, it insensibly
sweetens it. It is certain, that Wine rouses
up the Forces of Nature, and gives our
Soul a Vigour capable to drive away all
Sorts of Uneasiness. I know very well
that certain morose People, at least exter-
nally so, and in Appearance, will shew a
great deal of Aversion for a Remedy,
the Delights of which they do not how-
ever, too much despise. But all Grimace
aside, I don't trouble my self with their
ill understood Severities, since the most
severe Philosopher in the World has ad-
vised us to make Use of this Remedy ;
and the most morose of our illustrious
Men have submitted, if we may say so,
their most austere Virtues, to the Charms
of this sweet Pleasure ; and the most wel-
bred People have not disdained its U-
sage.
In a Word (I must speak a little *French*
now and then).

*Le Vin fait que les années,
Nous durent moins que les journées.*

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Wine makes whole Years to pass away,
And seem much shorter than one Day.

But it does more than all this, it eases
affwages Choler; 'tis an admirable Ca-
plasm for Rage. To cite a vast Num-
ber of Examples to prove this important Truth
would be superfluous. Amongst the most
illustrious ones I could instance, I shall con-
tent my self to mention that of the Em-
peror *Maximin* *, who having been declared
an Enemy to the People of *Rome*, by the
Senate, fell into such a Rage and Fury, that
no other Way could be thought on to bring
him back to his natural Temper, than
making him drunk.

But let us return to the two principal
Qualities of Wine, which consist in driving
away Care and Sorrow, and exciting Mirth
and Joy.

A certain *French* Author † has a fine
Verses on this Subject, which, as not
a propos, I shall here insert. Talking of
good Qualities of Wine, he says,

“ *Tu sais, mon cher Tirsif, qu'il a le privilège*
“ *D'étouffer les ennuis dont l'aigreur nous afflige*

* *Jul. Capit. Hist. Aug. Script. Fol. p. 359.*

† *Nicol Rec. de Vers. p. 44.*

The Praise of Drunkenness. 19

*Et que cette liqueur chasse de nos esprits,
Tous les fâcheux penfers dont nous sommes
surpris,
C'est ce qui nous oblige a cherir la bouteille.*

You know, dear *Thyrsis*, and full well you know,

To Wine this Privilege we owe,
It stifles all those sad invading Cares
Which irksome Chagrin ever wears.

This sprightful Liquid makes us brisk and gay,

And drives effectually away
Those Thoughts vexatious that surprize our
Soul,

And makes us cherish the full Bowl.

Seneca, whom I have mentioned in the foregoing Chapter, confirms what has been said, "Sometimes (says he) one must go even so far as Drunkenness; not, indeed, that it may drown us, but drown our Cares. For Drunkenness washes away Care, and moves the very Bottom of the Soul. And as it is a sovereign Remedy against some Distempers, so is it a perfect Cure for Heaviness and Sorrow. *Nonnunquam usque ad ebrietatem veniendum, non ut mergatur, sed ut deprimat curas. Eluit enim curas, & ab imo animæ movet, & ut morbis quibusdam,*

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busdam, ita tristitia medetur *. On this Account certainly it was, *Pliny* maintains that *Nepenthe*, whose Virtues *Homer* much exaggerates, was nothing in the World but generous Wine.

Horace, in like manner, insists, that Wine is the only proper Expeller of the maddening Cares.

Neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines †.

Nor otherwise are cankering Cares removed.

And thus advises the sage *Plancus* to have Recourse to this Remedy:

“ *Sic tu sapiens finire memento*

“ *Tristitiam, vitæque labores*

“ *Molli, Plance, mero.*

So, thou, sage *Plancus*, this *Mememo* keep

To lull the Cares and Toils of Life asleep

With Cordial Juleps of old mellow Wine

The grand and universal Anodyne.

In another Place he thus beautifully sounds the Praises of Drunkenness.

* *Seneca de Tranquil.*

† *Lib. I. Ode 18.*

“ *Ebri*

*Ebrietas quid non designat? operta recludit,
 Spes jubet esse vacas: in praelia trudit inertem,
 sollicitis animis onus eximit: addocet artes,
 Facundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum.*

In Drunkenness what pow'rful Magick lies,
 What's most envelop'd from re-searching
 Eyes, (Transparent Thing!) it evidently shows,
 The Innocent no dark Disguises knows.
 By her Commands our Hopes maturely rise,
 Push'd on to War the Coward dauntless dies,
 And sinking Minds beneath unweildy Care,
 Cast off the Load, and move with sprightful
 Air.

To her, all Arts their Origin must owe:
 What Wretch so dull but eloquent must grow,
 When the full Goblets with persuasive Wine,
 Nebriate with bright Elegance divine,
 The drunken Beggars plume like proudest
 Kings,
 And the poor Tipsy Slave in Fetters sings.

III

After all this, will any one accuse me for
 Plagiarism, and that I steal from the most
 common Places? No Matter. I have Com-
 pany enough. Do not all modern Authors
 do so? However, I shall not for all that,
 discover in Silence what Ovid has said of
 the same Drunkenness. The Passage is
 "Vina

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- " *Vina parant Animos, faciuntq; coloribus ap-*
 " *Cura fugit, multo diluiturq; mero.*
 " *Tunc veniunt risus, tunc pauper cornua sum-*
 " *Tunc dolor & cura, rugaq; frontis abit.*
 " *Tunc aperit mentes, avo rarissima nostro*
 " *Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo.*

As I am nothing less than a Poet, I shall not presume to dance with the Nine Sisters, make use of the Thought of the ingenious *Sarasin*. However, here follows an Ode *Anacreon*, which may supply the Place a Translation of those Verses of *Ovid*.

I.

When I hold a full Glass in my Hand,
 I laugh and I merrily sing;
 I think I have sov'reign Command
 And the Treasures possess of a King.

II.

Let who will try their Fate in the Field
 In War all their Days let them pass:
 No Arms but the Bottle I'll wield,
 Fill, Boy, then, a thundering Glass.

III.

If *Bacchus* the Victory gain,
 On the Ground tho' I'm motionless laid
 All agree it, a Truth very plain,
 'Tis better be Drunk than be Dead.

And very probably the Greek Philosopher had Wine in view, when he caused an

script

scription to be made over his Door in these
words, in Capitals, Here are Remedies for
Sorts of Afflictions: Here are Cures for all
Temperers of the Soul.

The Philosopher so often quoted by Se-
neca desired no more than Bread and Cheese,
rival Jupiter in Happiness: For my Part,
though I am no less a Philosopher, yet I
fire nothing to effect this, but good Wine.
When I take a hearty Glass, I find my
self so much transported with Joy, that I
could almost cry out with that little Fool in
the Latin Comedy *, Now could I pardon any
thing that would kill me, so much afraid am I lest
some Accident may trouble the Purity of my Hap-
piness, and mingle some ungrateful Bitter with
the exquisite Sweets I now enjoy. And, in-
deed, it is amongst Bottles and Glasses that
I may truly say,

“ *Mediis videat discumbere in
astris,*

*Cum Jove, & Iliac porrectum sumere dextrâ
Immortale merum †.*

far from the Earth remov'd in Realms above,
I seem amongst the Stars to sit with Jove:

* Nunc est profecto cum me patior interfici, ne hoc
aliquid aliquâ contaminetur ætâ. *Ænuch.*
Statii Sil. 2. Lib. 4.

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Rolling in Ease celestial, lie supine,
And taste from Ganymede immortal Wine.

And without doubt *Asclepiades* had this in his Head, when he maintained the Gods produced nothing that equal Wine in Goodness. *Philostratus* is much the same Sentiment, who after having ken Notice of the Edict of the Emperor *Mitrian*, who forbad Men to be castrated and Vines to be planted, he adds, 'Tis this admirable Emperor did not reflect he made the Earth in some Sort an Eunuch at the same Time that he spared Men.

Varro founded the Praise of Drunkenness in Terms no less pathetick.

- " *Vino nil quicquam jucundius elucet,*
- " *Hoc continet coagulum convivii;*
- " *Hoc hilaritatis dulce seminarium*
- " *Hoc agritudinem ad medendam invenit*

Than Wine no Orient Jewels finer play,
And dart more pleasantly their glittering Ray.

This vital Juice, the Cream of all the Fruits
Strong Cement, close uniting every Brute
The sweet prolifick Seed of gay Desires,
Bright Mirth, and gen'rous Amity inspire
This was found out a certain Remedy
To set Mankind from all Distempers free

The Praise of Drunkenness. 25

Monsieur La Motte, whom I must ever
admire, for his inimitable COURT FABLES,
before mentioned *, will furnish us with a
beautiful Ode to close this Chapter †.

Bacchus contre moi tout conspire,
Viens me consoler de mes maux :
Je vois au mépris de la Lire
Couronner d'indignes Rivaux.

Tout me rend la vie importune
Une Volage me trahit,
J'eus peu de bien de la fortune,
L'Injustice me le ravit.

Mon plus cher ami m'abandonne,
En vain J'implore son secours,
Et la Calomnie empoisonne
Le reste de mes tristes jours.

Bacchus viens me verser a boire
Encore — bon — Je suis soulagé,
Chaque coup m'ôte la memorie
Des maux qui m'avoient affligé.

Verse encore — Je vois l'allégresse
Nager sur le jus précieux.

These FABLES are translated into English by
Samber, and printed for E. Curll, in the Strand.
Ode 9. Anacr.

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" Donne, redouble — O douce Ivresse !

" Je suis plus heureux que les Dieux.

Help, *Bacchus*, or I'm quite undone,
All Things against my Peace conspire;
Unworthy Rivals many a One,
I find, despising Song and Lyre.

My Life's intirely ink some grown
By an Inconstant I'm betray'd,
On that small Fortune, once my own,
Injustice has severely prey'd.

Forfaken by my dearest Friend,
In vain his Succour I implore ;
And Calumnies rank Poisons send,
And what is left of Life devour.

Bacchus, some Wine ; fill higher yet
Again — so — I some Comfort find
Each smiling Glass makes me forget
Those Evils that have rack'd my Mind

Some more ——— I see gay Images
On the rich Surface, sprightly move,
Fill double ——— O sweet Drunkenness
I'm happier than the Gods above.



CHAP. III.

That it is good for one's Health to get Drunk sometimes.

ALTHO' Mirth and Joy be absolutely necessary to Health, yet it must be allowed, that there are a great many Pleasures very injurious and prejudicial to it; and we should act with Precaution in using those we make choice of*. But this Precaution is not necessary in those we seek in the sweet Juice of the Grape. So far is Drunkenness from prejudicing our Health, that, on the contrary, it highly preserves it. This is the Sentiment of the most able Physicians. These worthy Gentlemen are Arbiters of Life and Death. They have over us, *Jus vita & ne-* We must therefore believe them. *Ergo,* let us heartily Carouse. Every one knows, that *Hippocrates*, the Prince of Physicians, prescribes getting Drunk once a Month, as

* *Voluptates ut mel summo digito degustanda non plene sumenda.* Dionys. Sophron. apud Philostr.

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a Thing very necessary to the Conservati
of Health; for, according to him, in t
Words of a certain French Lady *

- “ Une utile & douce Chaleur
- “ Fait qu'on pense au sortir de Table
- “ Avoir pris de cet Or potable,
- “ Qui triomphe des ans, qui chasse la douleur,
- “ Qui fait tout, & qui par malheur
- “ N'a jamais été qu'une Fable.

When from the Bottle, flush'd with Wi
we rise,
The brisk Effluvia brighten in our Eyes
This sweet and useful Warmth still makes
think
That Cups of potable rich Gold we drink
Which baffles Time, and triumphs o
Years,
Drives away Grief, and sad perplexing Ca
Does all, and yet in Fables sweet Disguis
O dire Mishap! its only Essence lies.

- “ Avicenna and Rasis, most excellent P
- “ ficians of Arabia, say †, That it is a T
- “ very salutary and wholesome to get Dr
- “ sometimes.
- “ Monsieur Hofman confirms what has b
- just now said in relation to Avicenna,

* Mad. Desboul. T. 2. Ep. p. 104.

† Div. Lec. de P. Messie, Part 2. ch. 15.

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adds thereto the Testimony of another Physi-
cian. "Avicenna, says he*, absolutely ap-
proves getting Drunk once or twice eve-
ry Month, and alledges for it physical
Reasons." Dioscorides says, "That Drun-
kenness is not always hurtful, but that
very often it is necessary for the Con-
servation of Health. Homer says, That
Nestor, who lived so long, toss'd off huge
Bocals of Wine†. Monsieur Hofman believes also, That
Wine is an excellent Preservative against Di-
tempers, and of an admirable Use in their
Cure. In like manner, several Divines be-
lieve, that there is no manner of harm in
getting Drunk, when it is done for Health
sake and not for Pleasure. In this Class one
may reckon Pere Taverne, a Jesuit ||. These
are his Words. "Drunkenness, says he,
is a mortal Sin, if one falls into it for
Pleasure only; but if one gets Drunk
for any honest End: as for Example, by
Direction of ones Physician in order to
recover Health, there is no manner of
harm in it at all. But however, not to digress too much
from our Subject, to preserve their Health

* Hofman, T. 2. 9 Dissert. ch. 6.

† Bocal, an Italian Word, and signifies a Pot or Jug
holding about three Pints.

|| Synopses Theolog. pract.

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the *Africans* drink a great deal of Wine, and this they do to help the Digestion of the vast Quantity of Fruits they eat.

* *Montaigne* tells us, That he heard *Silvian* willi an excellent Physician of *Paris*, say, That to long keep up the Powers of the Stomach, they very ill they faint not, it would be very proper if is rouze them up once a Month by this who *elfus*, w some Excess. And if we believe *Regnier* he oth young Physician does not see so far as an *Nobelai* Drunkard†.

We also say with the *French Poet*||

“ *Si Bourdaloue* || *un peu severe*

“ *Nous dit: craignez la volupte*

“ *Escobar* ||, *du diable on man*

“ *Mons la patmetre*

If *Bourdaloue*, somewhat severe,

Warns us to dread voluptuous Sweet

Good honest Father *Escobar*,

To saddle for ones Health permits.

And, by the by, if the Number of *Verse* a ficians, who used to get drunk, proves Thing, I could insert a good round *Clocula*

* *Essays*, lib. 2. cap. 2.

† *Satir.*

|| *Boileau.*

||| The Names of two Jesuits, the former a *Preacher*, and the other as famous a *Casualist*.

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Wine, amongst whom I do not find any Eng-
lish Doctors, for they are the most abstemi-
ous Persons in the World; however, being
unwilling to trouble my gentle Reader with
so long a Bead-Roll, I shall instance only two
very illustrious Topers of the Faculty. The
first is no less a Man than the great *Para-*
celsus, who used to get Drunk very often; and
the other is, the famous Master Dr. *Francis*
Sabelais, who took a singular Pleasure to
moisten his Clay; or, to make use of one
of his own Expressions, *Humer le piot*.

I could, after these, mention *Patin**,
who tells us, That when he gave his publick
Entertainment for his *Decanat*, or Deanship,
at which Thirty six of his Collegues assisted,
he never saw in all his Life so much toping.
From all which, however, one may very reason-
ably infer, that so many able Persons would
never have drunk so much, had they not
thought it was no ways prejudicial to their
Health.

To conclude, let any one alledge this
of Verse as a Maxim, that

Oculi non ledunt paucula, multa nocent.

It does no Harm to take a Glass or two,
but in great Numbers mighty Ills accrue.

* *Esprit de Pat.* p. 51.

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And I shall do my self the Honour
answer him with another Verse, that some
times.

Una salus sanis multam potare salutem †.

The only Health to People hail and sound
Is to have many a tipling Health go round

And that this is true, witness the great
Hippocrates, who says,

That what to Health conduceth best,
Is Fuddling once a Month at least||.

† *Owen, Ep.*

‡ *Qui't faut a chaque mois.*

Du moins s'enivrer une fois. Foreteriana.



C H A P. IV.

*That old People ought to get Drunk
sometimes.*

WINE taken with some Excess is
excellent for old People.

— *Ubi jam validis quassatum est
viribus ævi*

*Caput & obtusis ceciderunt viribus Artus **

When shaken by the powerful Force of Age
The Body languid grows, and ev'ry Joynt
Its proper Juice exhal'd, all feeble droops.

And is not the Reason plain? Because it
softens their dry Temperament, and nour-
ishes their radical Moisture. Hence came
the Proverb; which says, That Wine is the
Milk of old Men †. *Tirellus*, in his History,
declares the same Thing, when he says,
That Wine is the Nutriment of natural

* *Lucret. Lib. 3.*

† *Vinum lac Senum.*

Heat †. Conformably to this Truth the old Man acted, of whom *Seneca* makes mention, who being pressed to drink Wine cooled in Snow, said, That his Age made him cold enough, and that he did not desire to be more cold than he was*. Than which certainly no Answer could be more just and true.

Besides, the Infirmities of an advanced Age require some Consolation and Diversion. Let us see what *Montaigne* says, who was not much given to Tippling; for he plainly says, That his Gout and Complexion were greater Enemies to Drunkenness than his Discourse. His Words are the following: “The Inconveniencies attending old Age, which stand in need of some Support and Refreshment, might with Reason produce in me a Desire of this Faculty, since it is as it were, the last Pleasure that the Course of Years steals from us. The natural Heat, say the boon Companions, begins first at the Feet, this is the Childhood of Infancy; thence it ascends to the middle Region, where it continues a long while, and there produces in my Mind only true Pleasures of the corporal Life; at last exhaling it self like a Vapour,

† *Vina calidi innati pabula.*

* *Ætas meo frigore contenta est.*

moves upwards, till it comes to the Throat,
and there it makes its last little Stay ||.
Athenaus, after *Theophrastes*, says, That
Wine drives away those irksome Inquietudes
to which old People are unhappily subject *.
And to conclude, the divine *Plato* assures us,
that " Wine is a Medicine as well for the
Body as the Mind, the Driness of old
People having great Occasion for this
kind of Moistening, and their severe
Genius of the brisk Gaiety inspired by
Wine, without which they would not be
able to perform their Part in the Con-
cert, and consequently would be no longer
useful Members in the Commonwealth,
which is no other ways supported and pre-
served than by Harmony.

Essays, lib. II. cap. 21.

Lib. I. cap. 7.



C H A P. V.

That Wine creates Wit.

S Wine increases the Quantity of animal Spirits, by the Fumes which it sends to the Brain, it is easy to comprehend, that it cannot but be of great Advantage to dull and heavy Wits, so that one may particularly apply to them the common Proverb, *Wine sets an Edge to Wit*. And the Emblem of *Adr. Junius*, in which he represents *Bacchus* as a Youth with Wine on, and with this Inscription, *Wine kindles Wit* †, agrees admirably well with the People: But the Application of both Proverb and Emblem is no less just in Relation to all the World; for it is most certain, that the God *Bacchus*, by warming the Thoughts renders them more acute, and inspires a greater plenty of witty Sallies. For “ *Bacchus* had not the Name of *Lyfian*, or *Opulent*.” *er*, if I may use the Term, bestowed upon

* *Vinum acuit Ingenium.*

† *Vinum ingenii fomes.*

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him for nothing but purely because it opens the Mind, by putting it into an agreeable Humour, and renders it more subtle and judicious"*. For this reason it is grown into a Proverb, That Water-drinkers are not near so knowing as those who drink Wine†.

Plutarch assures us, That Wine collects and increases the Powers of the Mind. He observes also, That it produces excellent Effects on the Minds of Persons, who, though naturally timid, want no Penetration. *Plato* maintains, as I have observed in the foregoing Chapter, That Wine warms as well the Mind as the Body. *Monfieur Hofman* says a great deal more, viz. That Experience teaches, that those Climates which produce good Wine, produce also People that have infinitely more Wit than those of the North, who drink nothing but Beer. *Cryllus* believes, That the Greeks were called Fathers of Wisdom, on account of the Excellency of their Wine; and, that they lost their antient Lustre by reason of the Turks rooting out their Vines. The Heathens placed *Pallas* and *Bacchus* in the same Temple, to shew, That Wine increased their Wisdom, and that the Gods were re-

* *Hist. def. 7. sagi. p. 123.*

† *Non idem sapere possunt qui aquam. Et qui vinum bibunt.*

presented wiser than Men, only because
they drank Nectar and Ambrosia.

In respect of Poets the World was also
so sensible of the Necessity they lay under
of having their Imagination roused by Wine
that no Body ever had any good Opinion
the Productions of a Poet that drank Water
that *Non est Dithyrambus si aquam bibit*;
Wine was called the Poets great Helper.

There never were any excellent Poets
says Mr. Bayle, that could versify, till
after drinking pretty plentifully*.

And if we believe Plato, He could
never open the Gates of Poesy till he was
a little beyond himself. The Soul
speaks nothing grand, or above the common
mon, if it be not somewhat agitated.
Horace †, who knew by Experience
Truth, goes yet farther.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Poor Water-drinkers sing an irksome Tune
Short liv'd their Numbers, and their
jestime.

* Resp. aux Quest. d'un Prov. T. 1. ch. 12.

† Sive Platoni credimus, frustra Poetices fores
sui pepulit. Non potest grande aliquid & supra
loqui nisi mora menti.

‡ 1 Ep. 19. 3.

The Praise of Drunkenness. 39

He bewailed himself very bitterly for
of Wine in his Exile.

*petus ille sacer, qui vatium pectora nutrit
qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

sacred Rage that feeds a Poet's Breast,
common to me, is now no more possess'd.

La Motte*, my beloved French Man, has
nothing not unlike it.

*En une Raison trop timide
Les froids Poetes qu'elle guide
Languissent. Et tombent souvent.*

*Venez, yvresse temerarie,
Transports ignorez du vulgarie
Tels que vous m'agitiez vivant.*

Why too fearful Reason, haste, be gone,
Thou frozen Poets, whom thy Phantoms
guide,

Languish, and often feebly slide,
Down to the lowest Ebb of wretched Song,
Their stupid Notes, and lifeless Numbers sing.
Come, sweet Drunkenness, thou heady
Thing,

With Transports to the vulgar Herd un-
known,
Which agitates my Soul, and gives it Wing.

With kind Enthusiasms then ecstatic grow
 It takes unusual Flights, sublimely soar
 Spurns the dull Globe below, and engulphs
 Worlds explores.

One may very well apply to *Bacchus*,
 the same Gentleman says of the Grace,
 this Ode *

- “ *Tout fleurit par vous au Parnasse,*
 “ *Apollon languit, & nous glace,*
 “ *Sitot que vous l’avez quitté,*
 “ *Mieux que les traits les plus sublimes*
 “ *Vous allez verser sur mes Rimes*
 “ *Le Don de l’Immortalité.*

The sprightly Influence you shed,
 Bright Constellation! makes *Parnassus* g
Apollo droops and hangs his Head,
 His frozen Fingers know not how to pla
 And we his Sons the sad Distemper find,
 Which chills the Fancy, and benumb
 Mind
 When cruel you withdraw your magick
 You finely paint on ev’ry Rhyme
 Features most noble and sublime.
 Resplendent all the Images,
 In rich immortal Draperies.
 You give me Colours that can never die,
 But baffle Time, and live through all Etern

The Praise of Drunkenness. 41

It is to Wine we owe the Productions of
foam and Anacreon, whose Muses were very
enough till Bacchus warmed them. Aurelius,
the Sophist, composed his best Declamations
his Cups. Herodes, called Saginatus Ora-
tor, the fatten'd Orator, never talked bet-
ter, than after drinking pretty plentifully.
According to Horace, this was the Case
with Ennius.

*Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad Arma
Profuit dicenda* *

Ennius himself ne'er sung of Arms,
of martial Exploits, and Wars Alarms,
till the good Father's Face did shine,
enrich'd with ruby Beams of Wine.

Alcaeus, the famous Poet, never sat down
to compose Tragedy till he was tipsy. The
Scipios of the great Paracelsus took the Op-
portunity, when he was fuddled, to make
him dictate. The venerable Messire Fran-
çois Rabelais, composed over the Bottle the
Books and Gestes of Gargantua, and his Son
Pantagruel, a Work which gained him such
great Reputation. "Pontius de Thiard, Bi-
shop of Chalons sur Saone, had greater
Obligations to Bacchus than Apollo for his
Eternity."

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" good Verses; who, not reckoning
 " Wine he drank all Day long, never
 " without drinking a pretty large. Bo
 So true is it, that

" *A la Fontaine ou s'enyre Boileau*
 " *Le grand Corneille & le sacré troupem*
 " *De ces Auteurs que l'on ne trouve guere*
 " *Un bon Rimeur doit boire a pleine éguere,*
 " *S'il veut donner un bon tour au rondeau ||.*

At that rich Fountain where the great Bo
 Corneille, Racine, to whom so much we
 Th' immortal Dryden, and the sacred B
 Of those bright Authors, whom we ca
 find,
 Whose Names (so does Oblivion's P
 command)

Alas, we no where know,
 Supp'd largely to inebriate their Mind
 Here a good Versifier, fond of Rhime,
 Should swill, to make his jingling Cou
 chime.

From hence, good natur'd B——d, ar
 your Flame,
 Hence your inimitable Numbers came
 When you so prais'd his House and Bu
 ingham.

* *Menagiana*, T. I. p. 384.

H. ———— p. 189.

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and certainly Cicero was much in the
right, when he said, that " what People
do when they are drunk, is not done with
the same Approbation as if they were so-
ber; they hesitate, and oftentimes recall
themselves, and frame a weaker Judg-
ment of what they see".* But had he
consulted Experience, he would have found
that Drunkenness, far from making People
useful, inspires them with Boldness and
Fidelity.

*Et vinolenti quidem quae faciunt quae sobrii, hesitant,
et fecerunt, et quae videntur, imbecillius as-
sumuntur, Acad. Quest. lib. 4.*



CH A P. VI.

That Wine makes one Eloquent.

WH A T Wretch so dull, but eloquent
must grow,
When the full Goblets with
swasive Wine

Intebriate with bright Eloquence divine?

Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Let us make a few Commentaries on
Verse of *Horace*.

We read, that “ the Sages of *Porto*
“ having undertaken to convert those
“ *Melinda*, gained as much upon them
“ Wine as by Reason, which, in the
“ facilitated the Conquest of the
“ Country*.

To draw a Consequence from this,
say, That one must reasonably believe,
Wine gave those Sages an Eloquence ne-
cessary to convert the People of *Melinda*,
them a necessary Penetration to discover

* *Rem. sur Rabel*, T. I. lib. I. cap. 5.

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through the thick Veils of their Ignorance. Books of Travels farther inform us, that the Priests of the Kingdom of *Tibet*, whom they call *Lamas*, drink a good quantity of Wine on their Days of Fasting and Devotion, that they may have, to use their own Words, the Tongue prompt, and ready to say their Orisons †. According to this Doctrine *Palingenius* is much in the wrong to say, That Wine makes Church Men incapable to perform the Duties of their Function.

*Ecce bene tractabit vinosus sacra sacerdos **.

A Priest, who tipples Wine that's good, will do his Duty as he shou'd.

Surely our Author never conversed much with the Religious. The Friars would have told him, they never perform their Office without taking a Choire Cup. *Experto crede* *vero*, as the Saying is. There's no false in this, says a good Monk to me once a Time, drawing from under his Cassock a Double Flask. You are much in the right. Brother *Peter*, said I, I believe as the

vers. cur.

lib. 3. p. m. 43.

Church

Church believes, and so — my Service to
and here's to the pious Memory of St.
face. And, indeed, the Vehicle proved
paciouſly Orthodox.

In relation to what hath been ſaid I
add a Remark of the famous M.
“ It cannot be denied, ſays he, that
“ Chriſtians of *Europe* are ſubject to
“ great Vices, Drunkenneſs and Lewd
“ The firſt of theſe reigns in cold Coun
“ the other in hot. *Bacchus* and
“ ſhare theſe two Climates between
“ We find that the Reformation ha
“ divided this Portion of Chriſtianity,
“ Part which was ſubject to *Venus* cont
“ as it was, but the greateſt Part of
“ was ſubject to *Bacchus* has renounced
“ pery*.

But you will ſay, what Coherence ha
Remark with the Matter in queſtion?
a little Patience and you ſhall preſent
the Application. I ſay then, that a tho
true blue hearty Proteſtant would con
from this Quotation, that Wine beſtow
much Eloquence and Penetration to
Northern People, as to put them into
happy State, to diſcover the Truth,
conquer all Prejudices againſt it whatſo
But of this enough.

Pon, pon; pata pon: tara rara, pon pon†.

* Bayle Diſt. T. 2. p. 1163.

† Racine.

CHAP. VII.

Wine acquires Friends, and reconciles Enemies.

Friendship is a Good so precious and valuable, and at the same Time so very rare, that one cannot take too much care in order to procure it. The efficacious Means to do this is Feasting. by eating and drinking together that conversation becomes more easy and familiar, and, to use the Words of Monsieur Mothe le wayer, "We hold, that Table Communion unites Peoples very Souls, and causes the strictest Friendships." Philotetius Crater *. And, in reality, any Thing be more agreeable and engaging, than to take a friendly Bottle in so pleasant and delightful Company?

And therefore Cleomedes had great Reason, "Take away the Pleasures of the Table, where we open our selves so agreeably to each other, and you rob us of the sweetest Cordial of Human Life *." This

1st. 2. d Or, Taber. p. m. 118.

1st 7 Sep.

was

was also the Sentiment of *Cicero*, in his
of old Age; of *Aristotle*, in his *Ethics*;
Plutarch, in his *Questions*. Let who
then, look on *Trencher Friends* to be
and say with those of whom *Ovid* m
mention,

*Dum fueris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

In happy Times, while Riches round you
A thousand Friends their Obligations
But when loud adverse Winds begin to
And darksome Clouds appear, you're
alone.

Daily Experience teaches us, That
the best Means to push ones Fortune,
ten to regale with those who are in Cre
for, to One that may have ruined himse
so doing, Ten have made their Forte
We may therefore say of Entertainm
that,

Hæc res & jungit, & junctos servat amicos

These unite Friends and strictly keep the

But what is more, Wine does the
of a Mediator between Enemies. Of

Truth I shall instance two illustrious Ex
ples, *M. Crassus* reconciled himself to

Feast; *Asdrubal* and *Scipio* did the same
like Occasion. And one may see, in
Description which a very learned Person
given of *Switzerland*, That when the
inhabitants of that Country quarrel with
another, and come to Blows, they are
immediately reconciled, by returning to
their Cups, and no Harm ensues, but sitting
all Night and amicably getting Drunk
together. The *Latin* has more force in it,
I shall therefore here transcribe. *Quin*
quando vehementius in se insurgunt, depo-
medium Armis, pugnis rem manibusque de-
sed eodem momento conveniunt, iisdem-
poculis, iisdemque poculis à quibus surrexere
antibus, & nullo alio ex contentioneibus dam-
quod innovata pocula in noctem ducantur.
Matius had said the same Thing long be-
fore of the *Germans*.

to come nearer. The Bishop of *Bitonto*,
one of the Fathers of the Council of *Trent*,
a famous Preacher, frequently in his
sermons exhorting the *Germans* to Unity,
to return to the Church, made use of
this Topic, of friendly drinking; conjuring
them thereto, as undoubtedly, by the strong-
est and most efficacious Argument he could
make use of, by remembering how merry
they had been in
Of wine Cups.

Erasm. Descript. p. 416.



CHAP. VIII.

*That the Custom of getting Drunk
most Antient.*

A**F****T****E****R** having displayed the
Qualities of Wine and Drunk
ness, I come now to shew, that
generally received by all the Wo
To do this effectually I shall enter into
particular Detail, and after having rema
ed, *en passant*, how the Custom of Fudd
is very antient, I shall then shew, that
Primitive Christians used to get Drunk
shall speak something of the Tippling
Church Men in general, afterwards I
take a cursory Review of Popes, Saints
Bishops, then I shall come to Kings
Emperors, and give a small Catalogue
these illustrious Topers; I shall not for
the Philosophers, and much less the Po
who loved Drinking. Free Masons,
other learned Men, who after having we
ed themselves with important Studies
taken this Diversion, shall also appear
the Stage. After this I shall enumerate
several Nations that have been, and

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yet are subject to get fuddled; whether
make use of Wine for that purpose, or
Liquors as produce the same Effect with
And from this Enumeration I shall
some Consequences in favour of Drun-
ness.

Before I enter into this Detail, I hope
shall be permitted a general Remark,
is, That my Readers must not expect
I should set down a complete List of all the
Sorts of Topers I just now mentioned:
an Exactitude would take up too much
Much sooner may one reckon up
Numbers die every Spring by the Doc-
and how many dispose of their Maiden-
before Marriage.

Every different Class you will find no other
Drinkers, but such as I have met with in
Reading, and as shall occur to my Re-
embrance. Neither shall I be very scrupu-
lous in placing them according to the strict
of Chronology, but put them down
as they present themselves to my Imagi-
The Antiquity of a Custom makes it al-
good and laudable, certainly Drun-
ness can never deserve sufficient Recom-
pense. Every one knows, that *Noah* got
drunk after he had planted the Vine. There
are who pretend to excuse him, that
he was not acquainted with the Strength of
Alcohol, but to this it may very well be answered,

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That it is not very probable so wise a Man as *Noah* should plant a Vine without knowing its Nature and Property. Besides it is one Thing to know, whether he was drunk at all; and another, whether he had an Intention to do so.

But if we give any Credit to several learned Persons, *Noah* was not the first Man that got fuddled. *Father Frassen* maintains "That People fed on Flesh before the Flood" and drank Wine. There is no likelihood according to him, that Men contented themselves with drinking Water for fourteen or sixteen Hundred Years together. It is much more credible, That they prepared a Drink more nourishing and palatable. These first Men of the World were indued with no less Share of Wit than their Posterity, and, consequently wanted no Industry to invent every Thing that might contribute to make them pass their Lives agreeably. Jesus Christ says "That in the Days of *Noah*, before the Flood, Men married, and gave their Children in Marriage. These People, *Father Frassen* observes, regaled each other with made solemn Entertainments. No Man can imagine, that they drank at those Festivals nothing but Water, and fed only on Fruits and Herbs! *Noah*, therefore, was not the Inventor of that Use we make of the Grape; the most

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was only to plant new Vines*.
his good Father was not singular in his
opinion, another very learned Person also
believed, that from the Passage of Scripture
here cited, one might draw a very proba-
ble Argument, That Men before the Flood
drank Wine, and that too even to be drunk f.
as for *Procopius of Gaza* ||, one of the most
sagacious Interpreters of Scripture, he thinks
it self true, That the Vine was known in
the World before *Noah's Time*, but he
will not allow, that the Use of Wine was
known before that Patriarch, whom he be-
lieves to be the Inventor of it.

Disq. Biblic. Journ. des Sçavans.

Jo. Chr. Beaman, Annal. Hist.

Corner de Ebriet, Lib. 1. c. 3.





CHAP. IX.

That the Primitive Christians got Drunken

HERE is no one that has so little dipped into Ecclesiastical History, but knows very well that in the Primitive Church was a Custom to appoint

Feasts on the Festivals of Martyrs. This appears by the Harangue of *Constantine*, from the Works of *St. Gregory Nazianzen* and *St. Chrysostom*. People generally drunk at these Feasts; and this Excess looked upon as a Thing that might be committed. This evidently appears by the pathetic Complaints of *St. Augustin* and *Cyprian*: The former of these Holy Men expresses himself after this manner.

“Drunken Debauches pass as committed amongst us, so that People convert them into solemn Feasts, to honour the Memory of the Martyrs; and that only on those Days which are particularly consecrated to them (which would be a deplorable Abuse to those, who look on these Things with other Eyes than

of the Flesh), but on every Day of the Year*.

St. *Cyprian*, in a Treatise attributed to him, says much the same Thing. "Drunkenness, says he, is so common with us in *Africa*, that it scarce passes for a Crime. And do we not see Christians forcing one another to get Drunk, to celebrate the Memory of the Martyrs †!

But it was not only at these Repasts that the Christians got Drunk, they did the same on several other Occasions; and 'twas on this Account that St. *Augustin* wrote to dear *Alipius* in these Terms. "However the Corruption of Manners, and the Unhappiness of the Times, have induced us to wish, I do not say that People should not get drunk in particular Houses, but that they should not get drunk any where else ‖.

Cardinal *du Perron* tells us, "That the *Manichæans* said, that the Catholics were People much given to Wine, but that They never drank any §.

Against this Charge St. *Augustin* nowhere otherwise defends them, than by Recrimination. He answers, "That it was true,

* Ep. 22.

† *Pamel*, p. 416.

‡ Ep. 29.

§ *Perron*, p. 64.

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“ but that They (the *Manicheans*) drank
 “ Juice of Apples, which was more deli-
 “ cious than all the Wines and Liquors in
 “ World. And so does *Tertullian*, who
 “ Liquor pressed from Apples, he says, was
 “ most strong and vinous.” His Words
 are, *Succum ex pomis vinosissimum* *.

Here one may observe also, That the Use
 of Cyder was very primitive and antient
 but as strong and delicious as it was, the
 Catholicks stuck close to the Juice of the
 Grape, as what was intirely orthodox and
 no wise conversant with the Hereticks of
 those Days.

But to return to these Feasts just now
 mentioned, it is certain, that it was not only
 customary for the Christians of *Africa* to
 get drunk. They had this Custom in com-
 mon with the Christians of *Italy*, where
 these Kinds of Repasts were forbidden by
 the Council of *Laodicea*, which was held in
 the 4th Century. *Paulinus*, however (and
 I do not wonder at it, being a Poet) has
 endeavoured to excuse the Christians, on
 pretence that they only got drunk out of
 good Intention, which, say the Casuists,
 judges all Human Actions†. His Words
 are,

* *Ibid.*

† *Quicquid agunt homines intentio judicat omne.*

*“ Ignoscenda tamen puto talia parvis
Gaudia quæ ducunt epulis, quia mentibus Error
Irrepat rudibus, nec tantæ conscia culpa
Simplicitas pietate cadit, male credula sanctos
Perfusus balante mero gaudere sepulchris.*

But yet that Mirth in little Feasts enjoy'd,
I think should ready Absolution find;
Eight Peccadillo of an erring Mind,
Artless and rude, of all Disguises void,
Their simple Hearts too easy to believe
(Conscious of nothing ill) that Saints
in Tombs
Shou'd any Happiness perceive
From quaffing Cups, and Wines ascend-
ing Fumes,
Must be excus'd, since what they did they
meant,
With Piety ill placed, yet good Intent.



CHAP. X.

Of Church Men.

IF one formed a Judgment of the Manner of Church Mens Lives, their Discourses, certainly one would take them for Models of Sobriety. But there is a great deal of Difference between preaching and practising. This Distinction is very solid, and daily Experience confirms it. And if those Gentlemen would do themselves Justice, how many amongst them might say in particular

Alas! how can I ever dare pretend,

From Man this antient Error to remove
Which they, ev'n to Distraction, fondly love

If I, who blame it, with such Pain defend
My self from this contagious Malady,

This epidemic Poison of the Mind.

Weak Reason, feeble Thing, of which Man
kind

So boasts, this only we can build on the

just continuing still, and false and vain,
our Discourses loudly we complain
against the Passions, Weakness, Vice, and yet
those Things we still cry down, we still
commit.

One cannot, therefore, without Indigna-
tion, hear Church Men declaim against
Drunkenness, while they themselves are
such ruddy Examples of it.

*Quis tulcrit Gracchos de seditione quærentes *.*

With Patience who can hear West-Country
Cudden

Rail against roasted Beef and good plumb
Pudden?

If the Law of Prescription take Place, one
cannot dispute with them that of Fuddling
with any Colour of Reason, for in St. Je-
ron's Time, the Priests were very much given
to Wine. This we learn from an Epistle of
that Father, in which he very severely re-
prehends them. They have been no Change-
lings since. We read in the *Adages* of Eras-
mus, that it was a Proverb amongst the Ger-
mans, That the Lives of the Monks consist-
ed in nothing but eating, drinking, and

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— *Monachorum nunc nihil aliud est quam facere, esse, bibere.* Besides, a vast Number of Councils, who made most severe Canons against Priests that should get drunk, evidently shew, that they used frequently to do so. Such were the Councils of Carthage, Agathon, the first of Tours, that of Worms, Treves, &c. To make this more clear, I shall copy a little of what *H. Stephens* says on this Subject, in his *Apology for Herodotus*.
 “ But to return, says he, to these Proverbs
 “ *Theological Wine, and the Abbots, or Prelates*
 “ *Table, I say, that without these, one*
 “ *could never rightly understand this beautiful*
 “ *Passage of Horace, viz.*

“ *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*

“ *Pulsanda tellus : Nunc saliaribus*

“ *Ornare pulvinar Deorum*

“ *Tempus erit dapibus sodales.*

“ Come Boys, lets put the flowing Goblet
 “ round,

“ Drink hard, and with brisk Measure
 “ beat the Ground.

“ The Tables of the Gods now bright shall
 “ shine

“ With Cheer luxurious, fit for Mouth
 “ of Priests,

“ When holy *Epicures* become your Guests,

“ And venerably quaff large Cups

“ Wine.

Nor this other,

*Absumet hares cacuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus: Et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potiore canis.*

A worthier Heir shall then with Joy unbind
Cacubian, by a hundred Locks confin'd,
And tinge with better Wines the Ground,
Than e'er at Feasts Pontifical are found.

You see how necessary these Proverbs
are, to let us into the true Understanding
of these two Passages of this Poet. Here
follows, Word for Word, what a certain
Gloss says of the last of them, *Mero dicit
potiore (meliore) canis Pontificum, quam quo
Pontifices in canis suis, quæ semper sumptuosis-
sima fuerunt, unde nunc theologicum dicunt
vinum, usi sunt.* That is, with better
Wine than that which the chief Priests
used at their Suppers, which were always
most sumptuous and expensive, and which
sort of Wine we call now *Theological*.

By this you plainly see, how much at-
tached to Divines and Prelates those Gen-
tlemen are, who make Profession of being
Expositors of the Poets. But in relation
to this same *Theologal*, or *Theological*, I
know very well, that it is a great Questi-
on, if it should be called *Vinum Theologa-*

“ 12,

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“ *le, or, Vinum Theologalis per appositionem*
 “ for the wicked Laity, some of them
 “ have it, That when these good Men
 “ Tipsey they agree no otherwise than Drunken
 “ and Cats. But I shall leave this Disposition
 “ to be decided by the Readers. And
 “ to these two Proverbs, they put me in the
 “ mind of another, and that is, an *Abbot*
 “ *Face*, which Proverb being very antient
 “ makes me believe, that formerly the *Abbots*
 “ bots had their Faces illuminated — *But*
 “ without going any farther for Witness
 “ I shall content my self with presenting
 “ Readers with the following Piece of *Antiquity*
 “ *tiquity, viz.*

“ *Sanctus Dominicus sit nobis semper amicus,*
 “ *Cui canimus rostro jugiter preconia nostro*
 “ *De cordis venis ficcatis ante lagenis.*
 “ *Ergo tuas laudes si tu nos pangere gaudes*
 “ *Tempore paschali, fac ne potu puteali*
 “ *Conveniat uti, quod si fit undique muti*
 “ *Semper erunt Fratres qui non curant nisi ventum*

“ O good Saint *Dominic*, be ay propitious
 “ Whose Praise we daily chirp in Notes
 “ *licious*
 “ From all the Veins of all our Hearts,
 “ Having toss'd up some double Quarts.
 “ Therefore, if't be thy true Desire
 “ We chaunt thy Lauds at *Easter* Quire.

Let not thy Saintship think it meet
 We drink from Well tho' ne'er so sweet,
 Liqueur unworthy Priest or Parson,
 If so, your Friars will hang an Arse on,
 Who nothing mind, I need not tell ye,
 Most holy Patron, but their Belly.
 So used, they'll ev'ry Soul be Dumb,
 No *dixit Dominus*, but ——— Mum.

Not unlike this is what follows.

O Monachi, vestri Stomachi sunt amphora Bac-
chi,
Vos estis, Deus est testis, teterrima pestis!

O Monks, ye reverend Drones, your
 Guts
 Of Wine are but so many Buts;
 You are, God knows (who can abide ye?)
 Of Plagues the rankest, *bona fide!*



CHAP. XI.

Of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, the
used to get drunk.

A**F****T****E****R** having spoken of
Drunkenness of Church-Men
general, it will not, perhaps, be
Thing altogether needless, to
the whole in the clearest Light, to confute
what has been said, by the Example of Popes,
Saints, and Bishops, who have practised the
laudable Custom of getting Drunk.

A little Song, mentioned by *H. Stephen*
in his Apology for *Herodotus*, affords Matter
of Speculation in relation to the Sobriety
Sovereign Pontiffs.

“ *Le Pape qui est a Rome,*
“ *Boit du Vin comme un autre Homme*
“ *Et de l’Hypocras aussi.*

The Pope at Rome, his Holiness,
Of Wine drinks many a hearty Glass,
And pleasant Hypocras also,
As any other Man I trow.

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one reads over the Popes Lives, we be fully convinced, that these Holy men were no Enemies to Wine. *Alexander the fifth* was a great Drinker, and that too of strong Wines, says his own Historian, *Theoderic de Neim*. If one may give any Credit to the Letters of the King of Spain's Ambassador to his Master, *Sixtus Quintus* was a terrible Drunkard *.

And Pope *Boniface* instituted Indulgences for those who should drink a Cup after Grace (called since *St. Boniface's Cup*.) A plain Argument, that his Sanctity did not hate Wine.

This puts me in mind of what I have formerly read, tho' the Author's Name is now wiped out of my Memory, that when Cardinal *Pignatelli*, afterwards *Innocent* the 12th, was advanced to the Papacy, his Name signifying little Pots or Mugs, three of which bore for his Arms; and whose Mother was of the House of *Caraffa*, which signifies a Jug, a French Man made these Lines.

" *Nous devons tous boire en repos*

" *Sous le regne de ce saint pere*

" *Son noms ses armes sont des pots*

" *Une Caraffe etoit sa mere.*

" *Celebrons donc avec eclat*

" *Cet auguste Pontificat.*

* *Thuan.* p. 447.

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Under this Holy Father's Reign
 Hang Sorrow, let us ne'er complain;
 I think all of us should turn Sots,
 And fuddle with one another,
 His Name, and so his Arms, are Po
 And a Gallon Pot was his Mother;
 Then let us brightly celebrate
 This most august Pontificate.

In the main, this is nothing but a li
 punning or playing with Words, but i
 one of those agreeable Trifles that may
 and then be worth our thinking on.

One may add to the Number of fa
 Popes as loved Fuddling, all those who sa
Avignon; for if we believe *Petrarch**,
 long Residence that the Court of Rome ma
 at *Avignon*, was only to taste the good *Fra*
 Wines; and that it was merely on that
 count they stayed so long in *Provence*, and
 moved with so much Reluctance.

Let us now pass on to Saints and Bisho
 I shall only instance one of each, becau
 hate Prolixity. The first Saint that prese
 himself to me, is the renowned St. *Augu*
 who himself owns, that he used to get dru
 sometimes. *Crapula autem nonnunquam su*
pit servo tuo misereberis ut longe fiat a me. T

* *Perron*, p. 387.

My servant has been sometimes Crop-sick thro' Excess of Wine, Have Mercy on me, that it may be ever far from me. * It is true, M. Casin maintains against my Author, M. Petit, the *Journal des Sçavans*, of the Year 1689, June, that St. Augustin, however, never got drunk. The Arguments on both Sides you may find in Bayle's Dictionary, under the Article *Augustin*. But yet there are somewhere in St. Augustin these Words, viz. My Soul certainly being a Spirit cannot dwell in a dry Place. *Anima mea certè quia Spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.*

I shall make no Comment upon these Words, only insert one already made, which I take from M. Duchat in his Remarks on *Abelais*†. On these Words of Saint Augustin, says he, mentioned in the second Part of the *Secretals*, *caus. 32. q. 2. c. 9.* the Commentator says, "And this is an Argument for the Normans, English, and Poles, that they may drink largely, that the Soul may not live in the Dry. *Et est Argumentum pro Normannis, Anglicis, & Polonis, ut possint fortiter bibere, ne anima habitet in sicco.* To which Peter Chatelain, a Flemish Physician, made this pleasant Addition, It is very probable, that the Commentator was

* Petit Nepanth, p. 137.

† Liv. 1. ch. 5.

“an entire Stranger to the Nature of
 “*Flemings. Verisimile est glossatorem ignore*
 “*Naturam Belgarum.* out val rove od

And, perhaps, this Argument from
Augustine's Words, is as just, as One of
 merry Fellow I knew, who would pro
 from *St. Paul's* going to the *Three Taverns*
 That he loved a hearty Bottle.

Amongst the Bishops, I cannot instance
 more illustrious Example of a great Drink
 than that of *Pontus de Thiard*. We are told

“That this Gentleman, after having
 “pented of the Sins of his Youth, came

“be Bishop of *Chalons sur Saone*; but, how

“ever, he did not renounce the Power

“drinking heartily, which seemed then

“separable from the Quality of a good Po

“He had a Stomach big enough to emp

“the largest Cellar; and the best Wines

“*Burgundy* were too gross for the Subtil

“of the Fire which devoured him. Ever

“Night, at going to Bed, besides the ord

“nary Doses of the Day, in which he wou

“not suffer the least drop of Water,

“used to drink a Portle before he sle

“He enjoyed a strong, robust, and vigor

“Health, to the Age of Fourscore.

* *Acts* cap. 28. v. 15.

† *Rep. des Lett. Febr. 1687. Art. 7.*

C H A P. XII.

A Catalogue of some illustrious Topers.

 SINCE according to *Horace's* Observation, every one conforms himself to the Example of the Prince.

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

And that, according to *Seneca's* Maxim, we must regulate ones Conduct by illustrious Models.

"Vita est instituenda illustribus exemplis.

It must not be wondered at, that People so generally get drunk, since in this they follow the Examples of great Kings, amongst whom are very few that this Verse of *Ovid*, which *Guy Patin* applied to *Naudaus* and *Gassendi*, agrees with *.

"Vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis.

* *Esprit de Pat. p. 22.*

Flies Wine abstemious, but the limpid Stream
Pure and unmixed his thirsty Heat subdued

And, perhaps, this is the Reason, why
in Comedies they bestow Crowns to those
that are drunk.

————— *Quid ego video*

P. S. Cum coronâ ebrium Pseudolum meum

And in *Amphytrion*, Mercury says,

Ho inter & capiam ornatum qui potius decet.

“ I’ll go in and take the Ornament which
“ better becomes me.” For he had said
little before,

Capiam coronam in caput, assimulabo me esse ebrium

I’ll put a Crown upon my Head and feign
myself drunk.

Lipsius † furnished me with these Examples.

But I should never have done, if I endeavoured to give a List of all the Kings that
got drunk.

* *Plautus.*

† *Ant. Lect. Lib. 3.*

— "*Quorum si nomina quæras*
promptius expediam quot amaverat Hippia
mæchos,
Quot Themison agros autumnno occiderat uno *.

— Whose Names, if you require,
With greater Expedition could I tell,
To Hippia's Lust, how many prostrate fell;
How many only in one Autumn died,
By Doctors, and their Slip-flops ill applied.

I shall content my self, therefore, to in-
duce some of the most illustrious, as they
came into my Mind, without observing any
certain Order.

Alexander the Great first offers himself to
my Imagination. It will be sufficient to men-
tion his Name, without saying any more.
non amplius addam.

Cæsar, to make use of Balzac's Words,
is not always the sober Destroyer of the
Commonwealth, and he did not at all Times
lose the Pleasure of drinking.

Cambyfes was also very much given to
wine, as may be judged by what I am go-
ing to say. This Prince having been told by
some of his Courtiers, That the People took
notice he got drunk too often, taking some

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Time after his Bow and Arrow, shot
Son of that Courtier through the Heart,
ing no more than this to the Father. Is
the Act of a Drunkard?

Darius, the first King of *Persia*, had these
Words put upon his Tomb.

Vinum multum bibere potui idque perferre.

I could drink much Wine and bear it well.

King *Antigonus* may come in here. *Ælian* well
reports of this Prince, That one Day
he was much in drink meeting *Zeno* the Phi-
sopher, whom he had a great Kindness
he kissed him, and promised to give
whatever he would desire, *Zeno* only
swered very mildly, *Go and ease your Stomach*
by vomiting, that's all I ask of you at present.

Philip, King of *Macedon*, got drunk so
times; witness what a Woman, whom
had not done Justice to, said to him, *vi-*
appeal from Philip drunk, to Philip when sober.

* *Dionysius* the younger, Tyrant of *Syracuse*
was sometimes drunk for nine Days suc-
sively; he drank himself almost blind,
the Lords of his Court, to flatter him, pre-
tended they themselves could scarce see
that they neither eat nor drank but what
reached to them.

* *Ælian*, Chap. 6.

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Biberius was called *Biberius*, because of his
five Attach to drinking; and, in derision,
changed his Surname of *Nero* into *Mero*.
Donosus was a terrible Drinker, if one may
give any Credit to his own Historian, *Fla-*
nius Vopiscus. He used to make Ambassa-
dors, that came to him from Foreign Powers,
drunk, in order, by that Means, to disco-
ver their secret Instructions.

Maximin the Father, drank very often
out of a Pot containing two Gallons. One might
say well, therefore, have given him this
epitaph.

Hic jacet amphora vini.

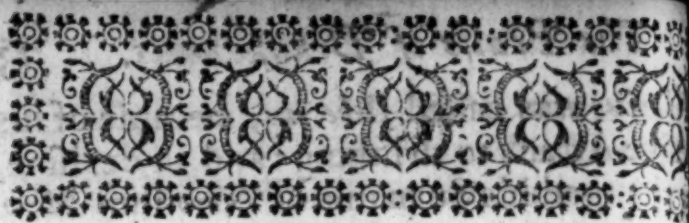
Trajan and *Nerva*, those excellent Prin-
ces, took sometimes a Pleasure in getting
drunk.

Galerius Maximinus, who, according to
his own Son *Valerius Victor*, was a Prince of sweet Tem-
per, and loved Men of Probity and Letters,
had a very great Passion for Wine, and fre-
quently got drunk. Having once given Or-
ders, when he was in this Condition, which
he repented of when sober, he solemnly for-
bade any one to obey such Orders that he
gave when he should get drunk for
the future.

Capitolin.

E

CHAP.



C H A P. XIII.

Of Philosophers that used to get Drunk

TH O' the Example and Authority of Philosophers prove nothing, one must not imagine with Be

“ ——— *Que sans Aristote,*
“ *La Raison ne voit goutte, & le bon sens ne*

That Reason, void of *Aristotle's* Rule, notwithstand-
Insipid grows, good Sense a doating

It is, however, very true, that we find our selves wonderfully disposed to get fuddled, when we consider that those of Antiquity, for whom we have most Respect and Veneration, have made no manner of scruple to get drunk sometimes, and have even praised Drunkenness, not only by their Actions but Discourse. This I am going to make appear. I begin with the *Sages of Greece*, who were acknowledged such by all Antiquity. These Philosophers did not look upon Drunkenness as incompatible with *Virtue*, of which

The Praise of Drunkenness. 75

the strict Profession. History tells us, that he drank largely at the Entertainment *Peder* the Tyrant, or King of *Corinth*, gave him.

Solon, that famous, yet so rigid, Legislator of the *Athenians*, composed a Song in the Praise of Wine, in which he introduced *Venus* and the *Muses*. *Seneca* is of Opinion, that he was suspected to be as much given to Wine as *Arcefilaus*. * And *M. Chevreau* observes very well, that "the Wisdom of *Socrates* was not of such an Austerity as to frighten People, when he said, *That the Ladies, Wine, and the Muses, were the Pleasures of Human Life.*

Zeno, whose Philosophy was so severe, got, notwithstanding, drunk sometimes. Being, one Day, at an Entertainment, he was asked how he came to be so joyful, he answered, that he was like ———, which were bit-tered naturally, but grew sweet after they were moistened.

Socrates, whom the Oracle declared the wisest Man of *Greece*, was, in like manner, and a very great Drinker. *M. Charpentier*, in his Life, tells us, That tho' he did not love to drink, yet when he was forced to it no one could come up to him; and, that he had this

Solonem & Arcefilaum credunt indulisse vino.

wonderful Happiness, as not afterwards find himself incommoded by it.

Cato, that Hero of Stoicism, got drunk sometimes, in order to relax his Mind, fatigued with the Cares of publick Employment. These are the very Words of Seneca, *Cato vino laxabat animum curis publicis fatigatum*. And the same Author says elsewhere, that "People reproached Cato with Drunkenness, but that Reproach was rather an Honour to him than otherwise." *Catoni ebrietas objecta est, & facilius efficeretur quam si quis objecerit honestum quam turpem Cato*. Horace gives us the same Idea of the great Cato, in these Words.

"*Narratur & prisci Catonis*

"*Sape mero caluisse virtus.*

Tradition tells, that oftentimes with Wine, Ev'n Cato's Virtue moisten'd, shone Divine.

If one knew the Scythian Philosopher Anacharsis, no otherwise than by his Apothecary, against Wine and Drunkenness, one would take him for the soberest Man in the World; but we know very well that his Theory agreed very much upon this Point, and not less with his Practice. One Day at a Feast the rest, having got drunk at an Entertainment given by Lybis, Brother to Pittacus, demanded the Prize that was to be given

greatest Drinker. With which Action, when he was afterwards reproached, he replied, "Can a Man better signalize himself in Battle than by glorious Wounds? And at Table, than with that Gaiety you call Drunkenness? Did not *Homer*, the wisest of your Poets, make not only *Agamemnon* drunk, but *Jupiter* too, and made Nectar flow in full Goblets at the Table of the Gods*?" *Ælian* † also tells us, that this Philosopher drank largely at *Periander's* feasts, and alledged for an Excuse, That to drink a great deal was essential to the *Scythi-*

Plato, another Hero of Antiquity, not only permitted, but commanded, that People should get drunk at some certain Times. To prove what I say, one has no more to do than to read his Laws.

Seneca, who was so severe a Philosopher, least his rigid Precepts would make one think him so, thought it no harm now and then to get drunk, and ranges Drunkenness amongst the Means he prescribes to maintain the Strength and Vigor of the Mind. We have quoted what he says in this Respect in the first and second Chapter of this Work.

* *Dist. Sep. Sap.*

† *Lib. 2. 2.*

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The Philosopher *Arcefilaus*, who lived about the 120th Olympiad, might be reckoned amongst those who loved Wine, for he died by drinking too much of it unmixed. A greater, and more convincing Proof of his sincere Love to the Creature could not be given.

For he that hangs, or beats out's Brain
The Devil's in him if he feigns ||.

* *Xenocrates*, one of the most illustrious Philosophers of antient Greece, and of a very true very rigid and severe, got drunk sometimes. *Ælian* has put his Name into a Catalogue of those who loved drinking, and could bear a great deal of Liquor. *Arcefilaus*, says this Philosopher, gained a Crown of Gold which the Tyrant of Syracuse had promised him that should enjoy a certain Measure of Wine. *Diogenes Laërtius* confirms this last Particular. " He moreover acquired such an Empire over his Passions, that a very beautiful Cytherean (*Phryne*) who had laid a Wager that she could subdue his Virtue, lost it, tho' she had the Liberty to lie with him, and to give all her little Toyings to incite him to please her." You see here (adds Mr. Bayle)

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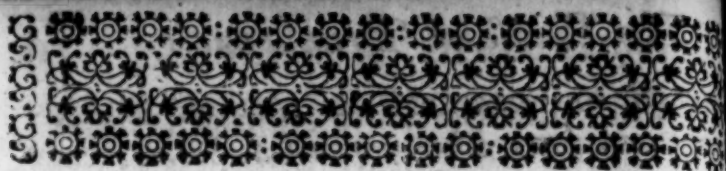
triumph as remarkable as that of S. Ald-
ne, and some other canonised Saints, who
off victorious on such Attacks.

Cicero assures us, That *Stilpo* of *Megara*,
Philosopher, a Man of much Wit and
ability for the Times he lived in, loved
Wine as well as Women; and, that his
Friends wrote this of him in his Praise and
Dishonour.

Athenaus says, That the Philosophers *La-*
rtius and *Timon*, once upon a Time, past two
whole Days successively in drinking. *Ælian*
puts their Names into his Catalogue of
Drinkers; to which he adds *Amasis*,
Lawgiver of the *Egyptians*.

Chrysippus the Philosopher, Native of *Solos*,
town of *Cilicia*, or of *Tharsus*, according
to others, got drunk pretty often. It is said,
that some of his Disciples having prevailed
on him to come to a Sacrifice, he drank
much pure Wine, that he died five Days
afterwards. There are other Authors, how-
ever, will have it, that he died of immoderate
laughter, seeing an Afs eat Figs out of a
basket, and upon which he commanded they
should give him Drink.

Lib. de Fab.



C H A P. XIV.

Of Poets that used to get Drunk.

 S Wine is the Poet's great Horse, and so it must not be wondered at, that the major Part of them fuddle their Noses; for, in reality, they cannot properly be said to be mounted on their great Horses, till they have drunk pretty heartily. These Gentlemen speak then on Horseback, for the Discourse of Poets is quite opposite to that of Orators, which *Horace* says, is a Discourse on Foot; but when they drink nothing we can only say that they are mounted upon.

The Attach that *Homer* had to Wine, appears in the frequent Elogiums he gives to Liquor. And if we examine *Anacreon* next so little, we shall find his Inclinations, as well as his Verses, were divided between Wine and Love. As much Delicacy and soft Turns as one finds in his Works, an honest Man cannot see without Indignation, that they tend absolutely to *debauch*.

* *Sermo pedestris.*

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drink, one must love. The Moments that
not employed in the Pleasures of the Senses are

Pausanias tells us, That he saw at
Sparta the Statue of *Anacreon*, which repre-
sented him drunk and singing.

The Poet *Philoxenus* wished he had a
neck as long as a Crane, that he might the
easier have the Pleasure of swallowing
Wine, and enjoy its delicious Taste.

At, the son, the Poet of *Chios*, was not much more
fuddled in respect of Wine, according to *Ælian*
and *Euripides*.

Horace must by no means be forgotten,
whose Satires derive from the Grape their
pleasantness and Gaity.

Timocreon of *Rhodes*, a comic Poet in the
Olympiad, was a great Drinker. *Athe-*
naeus has given of him this Epitaph.

Multa bibens & multa vorans, mala plurima di-
ce, ævis
hic jaceo Timocreon Rhodius.

To these we may add *Alceus* and *Ennius*,
whom we have already made mention;
and what signifies this Enumeration, since it
is most certain, that almost all the Poets in
the World, of all Ages, got drunk, which
has made them heretofore in *Rome*, cele-
brate once a Year, in the Month of *March*,
a Festival in Honour to this God with so-

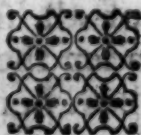
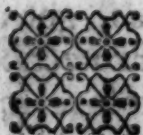
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lemn Sacrifices. What *Ovid* * has said
this Point puts the Matter out of all doubt

- “ *Ille dies hac est, qua te celebrare poeta*
“ *Si modo non fallunt tempora, Bacche, sole*
“ *Festaque odoratis innectunt tempora sertis*
“ *Et dicunt laudes ad tua vina tuas.*
“ *Inter quos memini, dum me mea fata sinebat*
“ *Non invisā tibi pars ego sepe fui.*

This is the Day, unless the Times are changed
That Poets us'd to sing in merry Lays
And with sweet Garlands crown'd, promi-
ous rang'd,
To thy rich Wines, great *Bacchus*, cha-
thy Praise.
With these gay Chorists, when my Fates were
kind,
Free, unreserv'd, to thee, immortal Poet
(The pleasing Object fresh salutes my Muse)
Without Disguise a Part I often bore

* *Trist.* 5. 3.





CHAP. XV.

*Free Masons, and other learned Men,
that used to get Drunk.*

I F what Brother *Eugenius Philalethes*, Author of *Long Livers*, a Book lately printed, and dedicated to the *Free Masons*, says in his Preface * to that Treatise, true, those Mystical Gentlemen very well serve a Place amongst the Learned. But without entering into their peculiar Jargon, whether a Man can be sacrilegiously perjured for revealing Secrets when he has none, I do assure my Readers, they are very great friends to the Vintners. An Eye-witness of this was I my self, at their late general meeting at *Stationer's Hall*, who having learn'd some of their Catechism, pass'd my

* *Vide Preface, p. 17. l. 6. where are these Words, Thus shall Princes love and cherish you as their most precious Children and Servants, and take delight to converse with you, in as much as amongst you are found Men excellent in all kinds of Sciences, and who, thereby, may make their Names, who love and cherish you, immortal.*

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Examination, paid my Five Shillings, and took my Place accordingly.

We had a good Dinner, and to their eternal Honour, the Brotherhood laid about them very valiantly. *They saw then their high Dignity; they saw what they were, acted accordingly, and shewed themselves (what they were)* MEN*. The Westphalia Hams and Chickens, with good Plumb Pudden, not forgetting the delicious Salmon, were plentifully sacrificed, with copious Libations of Wine for the Consolation of the Brotherhood. But whether, after a very disedifying manner, their demolishing huge Walls of Venice Pasty, be building up a spiritual House, leave to Brother *Eugenius Philalethes* to determine. However, to do them Justice, I must own, there was no mention made of Politics or Religion, so well do they seem to follow the Advice of that Author†. And when the Music began to play, *Let the King enjoy his* again, they were immediately reprimanded by a Person of great Gravity and Science.

The Bottle, in the mean while, went merrily about, and the following Healths were begun by a great Man, the King, Prince and Princess, and the Royal Family.

* Page 6. l. 9.

† Page 10. l. 19.

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Church as by Law established; Prospe-
to old *England* under the present Ad-
istration; and Love, Liberty, and Sci-
e, which were unanimously pledged in
Bumpers, attended with loud Huzzas.

The Faces then of the *most antient and most*
dearable Fraternity of the FREE MASONS,
lightened with ruddy Fires; their Eyes il-
luminated, resplendent blazed.

Well fare ye, merry Hearts, thought I,
ye illustrious Topers, if *Liberty and Free-*
ye free Mortals, is your *essential Disfe-*
rence, richly distinguishes you from all others,
is, indeed, the very Soul and Spirit of the
Brotherhood, according to Brother *Eugenius*
laethes *. I know not who may be your
Mater, but undoubtedly *Bacchus* is your
Pater.

This Wine, ye Masons, makes you free,
Bacchus the Father is of Liberty.

But leaving the *Free Masons*, and their in-
valuable Secrets, for I know not what they
are worth, come we now to speak of other
Heads of Learning, who loved to indulge their
King with the delicious Juice of the Grape.
here we need not fly to Antiquity,
which would swell this Work into a large

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Volume, later Times will furnish us with many a bright Example. *Non semper conpariamus ad vetera.*

A Man of Learning, after ten or twelve Hours daily Study, cannot do better, than to unbend his Mind in drinking plentifully of the Creature; and may not such a one say to himself these Verses of the French Poet.

“ *Dois-je mal a propos secher a faire un livre*
 “ *Et n'avoir pour tout fruit des peines que je pre*
 “ *Que la haine de fots & les mepris des grands*

Why should I pass away my Time in vain,
 And to compose a Book, dry up my Brain
 When all the Recompence I'm like to find
 For all the Toil and Labour of my Mind
 Is the unthinking silly Ideot's Hate,
 And the Contempt and Scorn of all
 Great.

I must own I would have the indefatigable Labour of such a one gain an immortal Reputation after his Death; but after all, a weary one's self all one's Life long with those Views, is very chimerical. And certainly, he that makes but little Account of the Honours that might accrue to him

his Death, acted like a Man of Sense.
venit post fata gloria non propero *.

Is it not infinitely better to divert ones self
 while one lives, than to idle all ones Life
 away on poring upon Books? Much better
 all the following Song become the Mouth of
 a Man of Letters, which I have transcribed
 out of the *Mercurie Galant*, of the Year 1711,
 p. 67.

*De ceux qui vivent dans l'Histoire,
 Ma fois je n'envierai le sort.
 Nargues du Temple de Memorie
 Ou l'on ne vit que lorsque l'on est mort.
 J'aime bien mieux vivre pendant ma vie
 Pour boire avec Silvie ;
 Car je sentirai
 Les momens que je vivrai
 Tant que je boirai.*

Faith, I shan't envy him, who e'er he be,
 That Glorious lives in History ;
 Nor Memories rich Fane amuse my Head,
 Where no one lives but when he's dead.
 I had much rather, while I Life enjoy,
 The precious Moments all employ,
 With my lov'd *Silvia*, and delicious Wine,
 Both wonderful, and both divine.

* *Martial*.

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For that I truly live, and healthy prove,
Is that I drink, and that I love.

This is exactly the same Thing that Racc
said to Maynard in this Ode*.

“ *Je sai, Maynard, que les merveilles*
“ *Qui naissent de tes longues veilles*
“ *Vivront autant que l’Univers ;*
“ *Mais que te sert il que ta gloire*
“ *Eclipse au Temple de Memoire*
“ *Quand tu seras mangé des vers ?*
“ *Quitte cette inutile peine,*
“ *Bûvons plutôt a longue haleine*
“ *De ce doux jus délicieux,*
“ *Qui pour l’excellence précède*
“ *Le Bruvage que Ganimede*
“ *Verse dans la coupe des Dieux.*

Maynard, I know thy Thoughts express’d
in Rhime,
Those Wonders of thy bright immortal
Pen,
Shall live for ever in the Minds of Men,
Till vast Eternity shall swallow Time.
Yet should thy Glories, now so radiant Bright
In Memory’s rare Temple lose their Light,
Suffer Eclipse, when to the Worms a Prey,
Those Reptiles eat thy poor Remains away

* *Parnass. Franc. p. 97.*

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Does this Reflection chagrin thee, my Friend,
Thus to the useless Thought decree an End?
Drink, and drink largely, that delicious Juice,
The Em'rald Vines in purple Gems produce,
Which for its Excellence surpasses far
That Liquor, which to bright celestial Souls,
Jove's Minion *Ganymede*, with steady Care,
Richly dispenses in immortal Bowls.

So much for Poetry, let us come to the
Point, and instance some learned Men that
have loved this Diversion. And first, enter
Erasmus, who certainly was no Enemy to
Wine, since he chose rather to continue where
the Plague was than drink Water. To prove
this, I shall instance part of a Letter writ-
ten to this great Man by *Ammonius* an Ita-
lian, and a very learned Person. "Imme-
diately after my Arrival in *England* I en-
deavoured to inform my self where you
were, because in your last you told me,
the Plague had forced you to quit *Cam-*
bridge. At length I was told for certain,
that you had indeed left the Town, but
retiring into a Place where there was no
Wine, which to you being worse than the
Plague, you returned thither, and where
you now are. O intrepid Soldier of *Bacchus*,
whom so eminent a Danger could not
compel to desert his General!" The *La-*
tin having much more Force, for the sake of
those who understand that Language, I shall
take

take the Liberty to insert it, as follows
*Simul atque Anglicum solum tetigi, ubi la-
 rum esses rogare cepi, siquidem Cantabrigien-
 pestem fugere te scripsisti. Unus tandem sextus
 mihi dixit te quidem Cantabrigiam. Ob peste
 reliquisse & concessisse nescio quo, ubi cum vini
 nuria laborares, & eo carere gravius peste ducer
 Catabrigiam repetiisse atque ibi nunc esse.
 fortem Bassarei commilitonem, qui in summo
 riculo ducem deferere nolueris*.*

“ *Daniel Heinsius* loved to drink a little
 “ One Day, when he was not in a Con-
 “ tention to read his Lectures, having got drunk
 “ the Day before, some Arch-wags fixed the
 “ Words on the School Door, *Daniel Heinsius*
 “ *fusus, non leget hodie, propter hesternam car-*
 “ *lam* †.

“ *George Sharpe*, a Scotch Man, Professor
 “ and Vice-Chancellor of *Montpelier*, who
 “ died in the Year 1673, on his Birth-Day
 “ aged Fifty nine Years, was a great Drun-
 “ kard †.

Barthius may also be reckoned among
 those learned Toppers, if what *Coloniez* says
 be true. “ I knew, says he, some learned
 “ Men in *Holland*, who spoke of *Scriverius*
 “ of a Man extremely Amorous, *M. Vo-*
 “ *us*, amongst others, related to me one Day

* *Bayle Dict. Art. Ammon.*

† *Menagian, T. 1. p. 26.*

‡ *Patinian, p. 106.*

That *Barthius* being come from *Germany* to *Arlaem* to see *Scriverius*, had in his company a Lady perfectly beautiful, whom *Scriverius* had no sooner seen, but he found means to make *Barthius* drunk, that he might entertain the Lady with greater Liberty, which he accomplished. It was not, however, so well managed, but *Barthius* coming to himself, had some reason to suspect what had past, which grew so much upon him, that he took the Lady along with him in a Rage, and drowned her in the *Rhine**.

Scaliger treats as a Drunkard *John Kuklin*, Calvinist Minister, Native of *Hesse*, and very learned Man ||.

Nicolas de Bourbon, of *Bar sur l'Aube*, was Nephew's Son to the Poet *Nicolas Bourbon*, who lived in the Time of *Francis* the first; after having been King's Professor, then Canon of *Langres*, made himself a Father of the Oratory —. He was a prodigious dry Soul, and loved good Wine, which made him often say, That tho' he was of the *French Academy*, yet that when he read *French Verses* he fancied he was drinking Water.

Rec. de partic. p. 318. Ed. 4.

Scaliger, p. 409.

The great *Buchanan*, so famous for his fine Writings, was a terrible Drinker, if we may give any Credit to *Father Garasse*. What follows is taken out of his *Doctrine Curieuse* p. 748. “ I shall, says he, recount to our new Atheists, the miserable End of a Man of their Belief and Humour, as to eating and drinking. The Libertine having passed his debauched Youth in *Paris* and *Bourdeaux*, more diligent in finding out Tavern Bushes than the Laurel of *Parnassus*; and being towards the latter End of his Life, recalled into *Scotland* to instruct the young Prince *James VIth.* continuing his Intemperance, he grew at last so dropfical by drinking, that by way of Jeer he said he was in Labour. *Vino intercute*, not *aquaticum*. As ill as he was, he would, however, not abstain from drinking Bumper and them too all of pure Wine, as he used to do at *Bourdeaux*. The Physicians who had the care of his Health, by order of the King seeing the extravagant Excesses of the Patient, told him roundly, and in a kind of Heat, That he did all he could to kill himself, and that, if he continued this Course of Life, he could not live above a Fortnight, or Three Weeks, longer. He desired them then to hold a Consultation amongst themselves, and let him know, how long he might live if he abstained from Wine. They did so, and

“ to

told him, He might, on that Condition, live five or six Years longer. Upon which he gave them an Answer worthy his Humour. Go, says he, *with your Regimens and Prescriptions, and know, that I had rather live three Weeks, and get drunk every Day, than six Years without drinking Wine.* And as soon as he had thus dismissed the Physicians, he caused a Barrel of Wine of *Grave* to be placed at his Bed's Head, resolving to see the Bottom of it before he died; and carried himself so valiantly in this Encounter, that he drank it up to the Lees, fulfilling literally the Contents of this quaint Epigram of *Epigonus* upon a Frog, who falling into a Pipe of Wine, cried out,

οὐ τίς ἐστιν ὁ δαίμων

πίνοντι μάρτυν σώζοντα μαινόμενοι.

Having Death and the Glass between his Teeth, the Ministers visited him to bring him to himself, that he might take Resolution to die with some Thought and Reflection, one of them especially exhorted him to recite the Lord's Prayer, upon which, opening his Eyes, he looked very ghastly upon the Minister; *And what is that,* says he, *that you call the Lord's Prayer?* The Standers by answer'd, It was the *Our Father*; and that, if he could not
"pro-

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“ pronounce that Prayer, they desired him
 “ that at least he would recite some Christian
 “ Prayer, that he might die like a good Man
 “ For my part, replied he, I never knew
 “ any other Prayer than this,

“ *Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis*
 “ *Contractum nullis ante cupidinibus.*

Cynthia's fine Eyes, me wretched, first com-
 move,

Before that Time I knew not what was Love.

“ And scarce had he repeated Ten

“ Twelve Verses of that Elegy of *Propertius*

“ but he expired, surrounded with Cups and

“ Glasses, and of him one may really say

“ that he vomited his Purple Soul out, *Purpuream*

“ *puræam vomit ille Animam* *.

I shall not vouch for the Truth of the
 Story, but you have it as I find it; we
 must it be expected that *Buchanan*, who was
 their mortal Enemy, should find any Favour
 from the Priests of the Church of *Rome*.

Justus Lipsius got sometimes drunk; he
 tells us so himself, in his *Commentary* on
Seneca, for in that Passage where the Philoso-
 pher says, That Drunkenness cures some
 certain Distempers, he makes on the Word

* *Bayle Dict. Art. Buchan. D.*

stempers this Remark following. *Melan-*
ly (WE KNOW IT BY EXPERIENCE) or Cold.
 and in the Discourses which he says were
 carried on between *Carrio Demius*, and
Luca, upon Subjects of Literature, and
 which he inserts in his *Antient Lessons*, they
 had always a Glass in their Hand.

Every one knows that *Baudius*, Professor
 of the University of *Leyden*, was a great
 drinker, and *Culprit* himself pleads guilty
 to the Indictment. *Habemus rerum confiten-*
tem. Here follow his own Words, which I
 cannot translate without losing their
 beauty in the *Latin*, but the Substance is,
 that he defies Envy it self to say any Thing
 against him, but that like the antient *Cato*
 drank pretty liberally of the Juice of the
 grape. *Concurrant omnes*, says he, *non dicam*
ille satiricus, Augures, Haruspices, sed quic-
quid est ubique hominum curiosorum, qui in alie-
cta tam sedulo inquirunt ut ea fingant quæ
inquam fuerunt, nihil inveniet quod in nobis
repere possit livor, quam quod interdum ad ex-
emplum prisce Catonii liberalitatis invitare nos
potiamur, nec semper constitimus ultra sobrieta-
*tem veterum Sabinorum**. And in another
 Letter he says, that the most virulent De-
 tractor could never reproach him with any
 Thing, but that he got sometimes drunk.

* Ep. 33. Centur. 3.

*Malignitas obtreſſatorum nihil aliud in nobis
gillare poteſt quam quod nimis commodus ſum
vivator, & interdum largius adſpargor rore
beri patris **

Balzac made alſo ſome little Debauch
with ſome of his Friends at his Count
House; and what he wrote to an Officer
who was then Priſoner in Germany, makes
evidently appear, That he thought it law
ſo to do. “ In relation, ſays he, to
“ German manner of drinking Health
“ which you ſpeak of with ſuch trouble,
“ if they were ſo many *Turkiſh* Baſtinado
“ I think your Sobriety in that reſpect to
“ a little too delicate, you muſt learn to Ho
“ when you are in Company of Wolves,
“ the Proverb has it, and not to inſtan
“ great Generals; don’t you know, t
“ wiſe Ambaſſadors of Kings have here
“ fore got drunk for the Good of their M
“ ſter’s Affairs, and ſacrificed all their P
“ dence and Gravity to the Neceſſity
“ great Men, and the Cuſtom of the Cou
“ try where they were. I do not adv
“ you here to any forbidden Acts of Inter
“ perance, but I think it no manner of har
“ now and then to drown your Chagrin
“ *Rheniſh* Wine, and to make uſe of the
“ agreeable Means to ſhorten the Time

* Ep. 26. Centur. 3.

The Praise of Drunkenness. 97

the long Continuance of which is ever extremely tedious to Prisoners *.

The illustrious Professor of *Utrecht*, whose Name shall live as long as the Republic of Letters shall subsist, was a great Drinker, and valued himself for drinking a great deal. It is reported of this learned Man, that at the Congress of the last Peace, a certain German Prince, of a Sovereign House, came on purpose to have a Brush with our Professor, who accepted the Challenge, and came off victorious, having fairly laid his Enemy speechless on the Floor.

* *Lett. chois. lib. 2. Let. 5.*

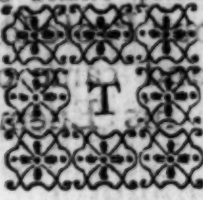


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CHAP.

CH A P. XVI.

Of Nations that used to get Drunk.

HE Plot now begins to thicken upon us, and we are come to give an Account of such Nations with whom the Custom of getting Drunk was heretofore very much in Vogue; and of those whom this same Custom reigns at this very Day.

When we consult antient Histories on this Point, we learn from *Plato* *, that the *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Celta* and *Iberians* were the greatest Drinkers that ever were. *Ælian* † says the same in relation to the *Thracians* and *Illyrians*. It is also reported of the *Parthians* ‡, that the more they drink the more thirsty they grow.

Atheneus § also assures us, that the *Thracians* were great Drinkers; and he says

* *Lips. Cent. 3. Ep. 51.*

† *Lib. 2. Cap. 15.*

‡ *Erasm. Adag.*

§ *Lib. 10. cap. 10.*

Some Thing of the *Milesians*, *Illyrians*, *Lydi-
ans*, *Persians*, *Carthaginians*, *Gauls* and *Spa-
niards*.

The *Tapyrians* were so much given to
Wine, that they pass their whole Lives in
drinking, and even bathed their Bodies in
Wine.*

The *Tarentins* used to drink from Morning
till Night, and got quite drunk in public†.

The *Leontins*, a People in *Sicily*, were such
great Drunkards, that they occasioned this
proverb, viz. the *Leontins* are always near
a Cup of Wine‡.

The *Byzantins* must not be refused a Place
in this Chapter. *Ælian* reports §, that *Leo-
tides*, their General, being besieged, and
unable to make his Men keep their Posts,
which they quitted every Moment to go and
get drunk at the Taverns, he immediately
gave Orders that the Vintners should repair
with all their Liquors to the Ramparts, by
which Stratagem he kept them to their
Duty.

But as it may be said, that the Nations
we have already mentioned were all barba-
rous, we shall, for that Reason, verify what

* *Ælian*, lib. 3. cap. 13.

† Lib. 12. § 1.

‡ *Forner de Ebriet.* lib. 1. cap. 12.

§ Lib. 3. cap. 14.

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Montaigne says, that amongst Nations the best regulated, and most polite, *this Essay Drinking deep was very much in use* ||.

The Greeks, whom one may look upon as the only Nation of the World for Politeness and good Sense, are a Proof of what I advance. They celebrated the Feasts of Bacchus with a great deal of Solemnity; 'tis from them that *Pergracari*, of which every one knows the Signification, is derived. *Ælian* assures us, they were so very luxurious that they put perfumed Oils into the Wine, which they called Wine of Myrrh.

The Romans had also a very strong Passion for Wine, so that at Rome there were frequently very great Seditions for want of it. *Seditiones sunt concitatae graves ob opiam vini**, says *Ammianus Marcellinus*, the Life of *Constantius* and *Gallus*; and the Reign of *Constantius* only, the same Historian says, there was a Sedition also upon that very Account.

Titus Livius tells us, that the *Clusians* passed the Alps, and came to inhabit the Country that the *Etrurians* possessed before, and have the Pleasure of drinking Wine †.

|| *Essays*, l. 2. cap. 2.

* *Hist. Aug. Script. Ed. 1609. Fol. p. 414*

p. 425.

† P. 85.

The Praise of Drunkenness. 101

Let us now descend to some Nations, with whom, at present, this Custom of getting drunk is received.

Sir *Paul Ricaut* † assures us, that the *Turks* considering that Wine rejoices the Heart, and comforts the Stomach, have begun to drink; adding, that at present there are only a few (*Ulamah*) Ecclesiastical Hypocrites, or some ignorant Bigots, or superannuated People, that abstain from that Liquor; but at the same Time Drunkenness is grown very common amongst them.

M. Du Mont confirms this Truth, "As to Wine, says he, tho' it be as expressly forbidden as Swines Flesh, it is nevertheless very certain, that a great many *Mahomeans* transgress that Precept; and the justest Thing that I can say in that respect is, that Abstinence from Wine is observed there almost after the same Manner as Lent in *France* *.

The *Persians* too drink Wine to Excess, tho' their Law forbids the Use of it; and they say for an Excuse, "That it is to pass away the Time, and sweeten the Cares, that surprize them ||.

The *Armenians* are no way behind the *Persians*, if we may believe *Tavernier*, who says,

Hist. of the Turks.

* *Voyage*, T. 3. Let. 5.

Tavernier's Trav. 1. lib. 5. cap. 17.

that with them, "He that treats thinks
 " he has handsomely acquitted himself of
 " his Entertainment, if his Guests cannot
 " find the Door when they have a mind to go
 " home, which would very often happen,
 " without the Assistance of their Servants,
 " who lead them, and yet have not Power
 " enough sometimes to keep them from fall-
 " ling down in the Room, or in the Street,
 " which is a great Satisfaction to the Host
 " for if he finds any of them Master of so
 " much Judgment as to guide himself, tho'
 " he reels never so much, he laments
 " very much, as having the Misfortune of
 " spending his Money to no purpose *.

The *Siamers* drink Wine very heartily
 when they can get it, tho' every Thing that
 may intoxicate them is forbidden by their
 Law †.

Father *le Clerc*, Author of a Relation of
Gaspesia, assures us, that Drunkenness is the
 favourite Vice of the Inhabitants of that
 Country ‖.

The Inhabitants of the Coast of Africa are
 great Drunkards; they would give all they
 had in the World for a Glass of Brandy. At
Loanda, Capital of the Kingdom of Angola

* *Tavern*. T. 1. lib. 5. cap. 17.

† *Louberg*, liv. 1. ch. 9.

‖ *Bibl. Univ.* T. 23. p. 44.

* *Via*

† *Che*

‖ *Tav*

\$ *Voya*

Firkin of Wine sells for above 30 Pounds Sterling. They love it extremely, and they tell you a pleasant Story hereupon of the great Duke of *Bamba*, which is a Province of the Kingdom of *Congo*, viz. that he once refused the Crown, as he himself owned to the Fathers Missioners, that he might be always near the *Portuguese*, and drink, by their means, sometimes a little Wine or Brandy*.

The *Muscovites* love Wine with a kind of Fury, and it has been known, that when a Man who has drunk to excess, and can swallow no more, they wash him soundly with it. And in *Germany* you are not looked upon to have treated your Guest like a Friend, if you do not reduce him to that Condition as quite to forget himself, and know not what he does†.

“As *Georgia* produces strong Wines, so its Inhabitants are great Drunkards, the strongest Liquors is what they love most; and at their Entertainments they drink more Brandy than Wine, Women as well as Men||.

Sir *John Chardin* § assures us, that there is no Country in the World where they drink

* *Viaggio del Congo.*

† *Chevrean*, T. 2. p. 215.

|| *Tavern.* T. 1. liv. 3. ch. 9.

§ *Voyag.* T. 2. p. 129.

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so much Wine, and more excellent, than they do at *Georgia*; adding, that the *Georgians* are great Drunkards, and that the Clergy get drunk as well as the Laity.

Like People like Priest.

Quales Populus talis Sacerdos.

We have taken care not to forget *Germany*.
Vocabitur hac quoque votis. Which we reserve to the next Chapter.



C H A P. XVII.

Of the Drunkenness of the Germans.

THE Germans were, in all Times and Ages, great Drinkers, and in the Words of one of their own Poets.

Illic nobilitas, eterno nomine digna.

Exhaustire cados, ficcareque pocula longa.*

— — — — — worthy eternal Fame!

'Tis there a Piece of true Nobility,
To empty Casks, and drink deep Goblets
dry.

To demonstrate the Origin of their Bibacity, it is absolutely necessary to go higher than *Tacitus*, who in the Treatise which he composed in relation to their Customs and Manners, thus speaks, "It is no shame with them to pass whole Days and Nights in drinking; but Quarrellings are very frequent amongst them, as are usual

* *G. Brusch. Inter. p. 405.*

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“ amongst Folks in that respect, and more
 “ often end at Daggers drawing than in *Bil-*
 “ *linggate*. It is, however, in such Meet-
 “ ings, that Alliances and Reconciliations
 “ are formed. Here they treat of the Elec-
 “ tion of Princes. In short, of all Affairs,
 “ of Peace and War. Those Opportuni-
 “ ties they think most proper, inasmuch as
 “ then People shake off all Disguise of
 “ Thought and Reflexion, and the Heat of
 “ Debauch engages the Soul of Man to Re-
 “ solutions the most bold and hardy*.

Owen, our Country Man, has made an Epitaph in Honour of these our substantial Topers, the *Germans*; the Sense of which is, That if Truth lies hidden in Wine, they are the first People in the World that will find it out. His Words are,

*Si latet in vino Verum, ut Proverbia dicunt,
 Invenit verum Tauto vel inveniet.*

Let us see now what Travellers have said on this Subject of the *Germans*. And we will

* *Diem noctemque continuare nullum probrum, crebra ut inter vinolentos vixit, raro convivii sepius cede & vulnibus transiguntur. Sed & de reconciliandis invicem inimicitiis, & pangendis affinitatibus & adsciscendis principibus, de pace denique ac bello plerumque in convivis consultant; tanquam nullo magis tempore aut ad simplices cogitationes pateat animus, aut ad magnas incalascit.*

begin

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begin with *M. Aug. de Thou*, an Eye-witness thereof. "There is, says he, before *Mulhausen*, a large Place, or Square; where, during the Fair, assemble a prodigious Number of People, of both Sexes, and of all Ages; there one may see Wives supporting their Husbands, Daughters their Fathers, tottering upon their Horses or Asses, a true Image of a *Bacchanal*. The publick Houses are full of Drinkers, where the young Women who wait, pour Wine into Goblets out of a large Bottle with a long Neck, without spilling one drop. They press you to drink with Pleasantries the most agreeable in the World. People drink here continually, and return at all Hours to do the same Thing over again.

This pleasant Sight, so new to *M. de Thou*, continues almost all Night. And what is very particular amongst such a great Concourse of People, and such a Number of Drunkards, every Thing passes without Dispute and Quarrelling.

Let us now see what the *Duke de Rohan*, says on this Head, whose Words are these †, "From thence I came to *Trent*, a Place now ways agreeable, and famous for nothing

* *Memoir. de Thou. liv. 2. p. 63.*

† *Voyag. p. 27. Ed. 1646.*

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“ but the last Council which was held there;
 “ and if it was not that it was half *Italian*
 “ (being glad of coming out of little *Barbary*,
 “ and a universal Tipling-House) I would
 “ take no Notice of it; being well satisfi-
 “ ed, that the Mathematicians of our Times
 “ can no where find out the perpetual Moti-
 “ on so well as here, where the Goblets of
 “ the *Germans* are an evident Demonstrati-
 “ on of its Possibility ——— They think
 “ they cannot make good Cheer, nor per-
 “ mit Friendship or Fraternity, as they call
 “ it, with any, without giving the Seal brim-
 “ ful of Wine, to seal it for Perpetuity.

M. *Misson*, who was also some Time in *Ger-*
many, gives us yet a larger Description.
 “ The *Germans*, says he, * are, as you know,
 “ strange Drinkers. There are no People
 “ in the World more careffing, more civil,
 “ more officious; but still another Cup.
 “ They have terrible Customs on that Arti-
 “ cle of Drinking. Every Thing is trans-
 “ acted over the Bottle; you can do nothing
 “ without Drinking. One can scarce speak
 “ three Words at a Visit, but you are asto-
 “ nished to see the Collation come in, or
 “ at least a good quantity of Wine, attend-
 “ ed with Crusts of Bread cut into little
 “ Pieces, upon a Plate with Salt and Pep-

* *Voyage de Italie*, T. 1. Let. 9.

per, a fatal Preparative for bad Drinkers.
I must instruct you in the Laws they observe in their Cups; Laws sacred and inviolable. You must never drink without drinking some ones Health, which having done, you must immediately present the Glass to the Party you drank to, who must never refuse it, but drink it to the last Drop. Reflect a little, I beseech you, on these Customs, and you will see how, and by what Means, it is impossible to cease from drinking. After this manner one shall never have done. It is a perpetual Circle to drink after the *German* Fashion; it is to drink for ever ———
You must likewise know, that the Glasses too are respected in those Countries as much as the Wine is loved; they range them all about in Ranks and Files; most of their Rooms are wainscotted up two Thirds of the Wall, and the Glasses are ranged all about, like Organ Pipes, upon the Cornish. They begin with the small, and end with the large ones, which are like Melon Glasses, and must be taken off at one Draught, when they drink any Health of Importance.
Let us observe here, * “That it was the Custom of the antient *Greeks* to drink

* *Chevreana*, T. 2. p. 188.

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"largely after Meals; and, that this Custom is now practised in Germany." This was what *Aeneas*, and the People of his Train, used to do, as we learn from these Verses of *Virgil*.*

"*Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remota,*
"*Crateras magnas statuerunt & vina coronant.*

After the Teeth had gain'd their first Repose,
The Dishes ta'en away, the Cloth remov'd,
The rich Repast gigantic Tankards close,
Replete with Wines, by nicest Tastes approv'd.

It is the same Thing with the *Armenians*, they never drink till at the End of their Meals. "After they have said Grace the Dishes are remov'd, in order to bring in the Desert, and then they prepare themselves to drink to excess.

We come now to the *Swiss*. Here follows what *Daniel Eremita*, a very learned Man, who published a Description of their Country, has said of them. † "They have the same Simplicity in drinking, but they do not keep the same Moderation. Wine is

* *Aeneid*. lib. i. v. 723.

† *Ed.* 8. p. 411.

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The Praise of Drunkenness. III

what they place their Delight in, and they prefer it to all Things in the World. At their Assemblies, both for Pleasure and Business, or any other Affairs, Wine always makes a Party; with which, when they have overloaded their Stomach they discharge it, and set down to it again, and drink as they did at first. They leave the Care of the Family to their Wives and Children, who live with the utmost Oeconomy, in favour of their Husbands, who are continually at the Tavern. They talk with Glass in Hand, and please themselves in that Posture to recount their Acts and Gestures, and those of their Ancestors, as Examples to Posterity. They speak freely all they know, and know not what a Secret is. In short, this Way of Life does not only continue whole Days successively, but all the Time they live. Nor have Things now taken another Aspect in Switzerland. The Author of a Travel lately into that Country, tells us for certain, that Wine is a singular Attractive, a powerful Charm, against which the Swiss can make no manner of Resistance*. Before I close this Chapter I shall take notice of the Flemings, whom we ought to

* *Voyag. de Rouvier, p. 89.*

look upon as making part of Germany, though they are furrounded by Water, take care never to drink any, which made Scavenger, when in Holland, say to Douza.

"*In mediis habitamus aquis, quis credere possit*

"*Et tamen hic nulla, Douza, bibuntur aqua*

Amidst the Waters here we live,

Yet who can any Credit give

To what I say, for, Douza, here

No Water Drinkers e'er appear.

Guicciardin, in his Description of the Countries, accuses the People of drinking

too much. † *Hanno*, says he, *poi per la maggior parte quel vitio del bere troppo*. He adds, however,

"That they are in some sort excus'd

"because the Air of the Country being

"the most part of the Year humid, and

"to inspire Melancholy, they could

"perhaps, make use of a more efficacious

"Remedy to expel this irksome; unwholesome

"some Melancholy, than Wine; which

"suppose, was Horace's Sentiment, when

"he said, *With Wine drive away Care*. The

"Words in the Original are; *Ma forse*

"*qualche parte scusabili, per che essendo l'aria*

* *De admir. Holland.*

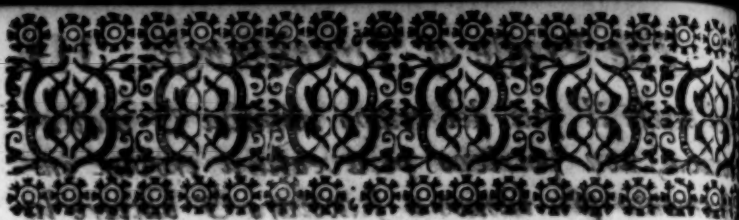
† *Ed. Fol. 1567. p. 290*

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el paese il pui del tempo humida & malin-
mica, non potrieno peravventura trovar in-
mento piu idoneo a scacciare & battere la
malinconia odiosa & mal sana che il vino, fi
come pare che accerni Horatio dicendo. *Vino
pellite curas.*

But without any farther talking of the
ermans, I shall end this Chapter with this
ecessary Remark, That one need not go
ut of *England* for Examples of hard
inking, our Country, God blefs it,
oes not come behind any other in this
uticular.





CHAP. XVIII.

*Of Nations that get Drunk with certain
Liquors.*

Every Country does not produce
A Wine, but according to the Poet
“ *Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius Uvæ*

*Here Wheat, more happily there grows the
Grape.*

Those Nations, with whom there are
Vines, have invented other Drinks to make
themselves Merry. *Pliny* † tells us, That
the Western People got Drunk with certain
Liquors made with Fruits; and that the
Liquors have different Names in *Gaul* and
Spain, tho’ they produce the same Effect.

Ammianus Marcellinus reports, That
Gauls having no Wine in their Country
tho’ they are very fond of it, contrive a great

* *Virgil.*

† *Const. & Jul. lib. 16.*

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any Sorts of Liquors, which produce the
the Effect as Wine. *Vini avidum genus ad-
ans ad vini similitudinem multiplices potus.*

The Scythians had no Wine, as appears
the Answer of *Anacharsis* the Philoso-
er, who being asked, If they had none
t played on the Flute in *Scythia*, replied,
at they had not so much as any Wine
ere. However, for all that, they got
unk with certain Liquors which had the
ree and Strength of Wine. This also we
arn from these Words of *Virgil*.

*Ipsi in desolatis specubus, securi sub altis
Ona agunt terra, congestaque robora totasque
Advolvere facis ulmos, ignique dedere.
His noctem ludo ducunt, Et pocula lani-
fermento, atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.*

ure, in quiet Ease, they dwell in Caves
ep dug in Earth, and to their Chimnies
roll
hole Oaks, and Elms entire, which Flames
devour.

re all the Night in Sport and merry Glee
ey pass and imitate, with acid Service,
Fermentation vinous made, the Grape.

The *Thracians* intoxicate themselves by
allowing the Fumes of certain Herbs which
they cast into the Fire.

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The *Babylonians*, according to *Herodotus* used likewise to get drunk, by swallowing the Fumes of certain Herbs that they burned.

Strabo reports, that the *Indians* made certain Drink with Sugar Canes, which made them Merry; very probably, not unlike what we now call Rum.

Benso, in his History of *America*, says the same of the Inhabitants of the Island of *Hispaniola*, and several other Provinces of *America*.

Pliny and *Athenaus* tell us, that the *Egyptians* fuddled themselves with a Drink made of Barley; by this it seems the Liquor of *John Barley-Corn* is very ancient.

*Leri**, in his Voyage to *Brazil*, tells us That the Inhabitants of that Country are as great Drinkers as the *Germans*, *Flemings*, *Lansquenets*, *Swiss*. And all those merry Gentlemen who love Carousing, and drink *supernaculum*, ought to agree, that they are even with them. Their Drink is made of certain Roots, which they boil and ferment, and then called by them in their Language *Cou-in*. The Author adds, "That he has seen them not only drink three Days and Nights successively without ceasing, but that they were so very Drunk, that they

* P. 126. Ed. 1594.

could swallow no more till they had disgorged, which was in order to begin again.

"There * grows in the *Eastern Countries* certain particular *Drugs*, with which the *Inhabitants* are wonderfully delighted, and which produce a kind of *Drunkenness*, or agreeable *Folly*, which continues some *Time*. They are so much accustomed to the *Use* of these *Drugs*, by a long *Habit*, that they imagine that *Life* must be very sad and unhappy without them. The *Indians* and *Persians* have their *Bangué*, the *Egyptians* their *Bola*, and the *Turks* their *Opium*.

In relation to the *Persians*, *Tavernier* † has these Words, viz. "They have a sort of Drink to divert and make themselves Merry, which they call *Kokemaar*, made of Poppy Seeds boiled. They drink it scalding Hot; and there are particular Houses, called *Kokemaar Kronè*, where People meet, and give a great deal of Pleasure and Delight to those who see the ridiculous Postures which this kind of Liquor makes them perform. Before it operates they quarrel with one another, and give abusive Language, without coming

* *L'Emer. des Alim.* part 3. ch. 2.

† *T. 1. lib. 5. ch. 17.*

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“to Blows; afterwards, when the Dr
 “begins to have its Effect, then they also
 “gin to make Peace. One compliments in
 “very high degree, another tells Stories
 “but all are extremely ridiculous both
 “their Words and Actions.” And after
 having spoken of other Liquors that they
 make use, he adds, “It is difficult to find
 “in *Persia* a Man that is not addicted
 “some one of these Liquors, without which
 “they think they cannot live but very im-
 “pleasantly.

I take no Notice here of that admirable
 Drink called *Punch* with us; nor *Juniper*
 Water (vulgarly called *Geneva*, a Corruption
 on from the French Word *Genevre*, which si-
 gnifies the same Thing) nor that Dram cal-
 led, *All Fours*, which have such wonderful Ef-
 fects on the wretched Commonalty.



G H A P. XIX.

Other Considerations in favour of Drunkenness.

Drunkenness will (and ought to do so) appear excusable to People the most sober, if they would but make these two Reflections following, *viz.*

I. *That Drunkards are not generally given to Lewdness.*

“*Aristotle* says, That too much Drinking makes one very improper for the Acts of *Venus*, and gives his Reasons. *Athenians* reports the same Thing in that Passage, where he makes mention of the Drunkenness of *Alexander the Great*, a Vice, says he, which, perhaps, was the Cause of his little Inclination for the Ladies.

Montaigne * speaks very well on this Article, “These, says he, are two Things which

* *Essais*, l. 2. ch. 2.

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“ vigorously oppose each other ; this weakens our Stomach on one Hand ; whereas on the other, Sobriety serves to make more quaint and delicate in the Exercise of Love.

Ovid * says much the same Thing.

“ *Vina parant animum veneri, nisi plurimas,*

“ *Ut stupeant multo corda sepulta mero.*

Wine, not too much, inspires, and makes the Mind

To the soft Joys of *Venus* strong inclin'd,
Which buried in Excess, unapt to Love,
Stupidly lies, and knows not how to move

II. That in those Countries where they do not drink to Excess, they are very much addicted to Debauchery.

It is certain, That in hot Countries they drink a great deal less than they do in cold, but in lieu of that, Lewdness reigns much more. *Montaigne* †, after having observed that they began to drink less than they used to do, adds, “ Does any one think it reason-
“ to Amendment ? No, indeed, but, ”

* *De Remed. Amor.*

† *Essais*, liv. 2. ch. 2.

haps, we are much more given to Whoring than our Forefathers.

This puts me in mind of an *Italian*, who having reproached a *German* with the Drunkenness of his Country, by these Verses,

*Germani multos possunt tolerare labores
O utinam possint tam tolerare sitim.*

The *Germans* (patient) toil, inur'd to Pain,
Could they but their Thirst so well sustain!

The *German* answered him extempore in these other two.

*Ut nos vitis amor, sic vos Venus improba
vexat
Est data lex Veneri, Julia, nulla mero.*

we love Wine, so wicked *Venus* you,
was *this*, not *that*, the *Julian* Edict knew.

In order to draw a Consequence from all this, let us speak once more of *Montaigne**, whose Words are, "And if we cannot give any Pleasure but what costs us something, as the Antients maintain, I find this Vice costs the Conscience less than all the rest,

* *Essais*, liv. 2. ch. 2.

“ besides, it is in this respect, no
 “ despicable Consideration, that a Man
 “ advanced in Honours, amongst Three
 “ principal Conveniencies of Life, that he
 “ told me he yet enjoy’d, he reckoned This
 “ for One.

After having shewn in the foregoing
 Chapters, That Drunkenness reigns all the
 World over, *Nulla in parte mundi cessat*
Ebrietas. Let us see what we may hence
 infer in its favour: And I ask, if the
 Agreement of so many different Nations
 to do one and the same Thing, proves no
 thing, and may not, in some Measure, serve
 as an Apology for Drunkenness? For
 one considers, that the surprizing Variety
 of the Humour and Temperament of Men
 do, notwithstanding, in no wise hinder
 them from agreeing unanimously in this
 Point, one shall have a very strong Tem-
 ptation to believe, that the Desire of getting
 Drunk is an *innate* Quality, and we shall
 be confirmed in this Sentiment after tasting
 experimentally the exquisite Sweetness caus-
 ed by Drunkenness.

To conclude,

All drink, throughout the Universe, *plain*,
 The Moon drinks up the Sea, the Earth the
 Rain,

The Praise of Drunkenness. 123

The Sun the Air, and ev'ry Tree, we know
The Earth's prolifick Juice imbibes to grow.
The Air sups up the Water too, 'tis said,
Why then, my dearest Friends, d'ye plague
my Head,
And angry grow, because, dry Soul *, I
swill
New Wine, Drink fit for Gods, and quaff
my fill.

* *Anima mea non potest habitare in siccis.* S. Aug.



CHAP. XX.

*An Answer to the Objection, That
Drunkenness causes infinite Evils.*

FTER having specified the good Qualities of Drunkenness, let us now answer some frivolous Objections that may be made against what we have here advanced. For Example People will not be wanting immediately to object, That Drunkenness has been the Cause of infinite Evils.

To this I answer, that it has been only the Cause of these Evils, when People have pushed it too far, and not observed the Rules they ought to keep in Drinking, and which we shall see here prescribed by authority. For where do we find, that any one of so many grave Philosophers that used to get drunk, made any Disorders? It was for this Reason that *Chrisippus's* Maid said, that her Master was drunk in the Hams. And 'twas from this very Account, perhaps, that the Stoics said of their Sage, "That he was, indeed, to be overcome with Wine, but he would not, however, be drunk, *Vino*

* Lett.
† Strad

rutum iri non ebrium tamen futurum.

On the other Hand, without being willing to excuse those Disorders which Drunkenness has been the Cause of, one may say nevertheless, that some of these Disorders have produced Effects highly advantageous. Suppose, for Example, that Lot had not got drunk, and his two Daughters had not been possessed with the furious Desire of having Children, and the Fear of dying Maids, you ruin, by this Means, whole Families, who bore a great part in the wonderful Events of the Children of Israel*.

Their High Mightinesses the States of Holland, have eternal Obligations to Drunkenness, since to this they owe, in some sort, the Establishment of their Republic, which was after this manner, according to Strada. The same Day that Brederode, accompanied by above two Hundred Gentlemen, had presented that famous Petition to Margaret of Parma, who then governed the Netherlands, he gave a magnificent Entertainment in the House of the Count of Culenbourg, where was no want of Drinking; and as they saw the Count of Hoofstrate, who by chance passed that way, they began, with a great

* Lett. 16 sur la Crit. du Calvin.

† Strada de Bello Belgico, Part 1. lib. 5.

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deal of Joy, to give one another the Name of *Gueux* †; upon which taking each of them altogether great Glasses in their Hands, they made Vows and Oaths to each other by the Name of *Gueux*, and cried out with one Voice and general Applause, *Long live the Gueux.* After which they promised mutual Fidelity; and the Prince of *Orange* and the Counts of *Egmont* and *Horn* coming to them, they began to drink again, and with great Acclamation renewed Vows and Wishes with these new Comers, as they had already done, for the *Gueux*. At last, in the Heat of Wine, they took those vigorous Resolutions, the Effects of which were afterwards seen, which was the Liberty of the *United Provinces*.

† *The French Word for Beggars.*



C H A P. XXI.

An Answer to the Objection, That the Mirth which Wine inspires is chimerical.

IT will be objected, without doubt, that the Mirth which Wine inspires is imaginary, and without any Foundation, and that, as *Boileau* has it.

*Rien n'est beau que le vrai. Le vrai seul est
amiable.*

Nothing so beautiful as what is true,
That it is only lovely is its Due.

I very willingly own, that this Joy and Mirth is nothing else than the Effect of our Imagination.

Full well I'm satisfied 'tis nothing all
But a deceitful Hope, less solid far,
A thousand Times, than is the moving Sand;
But are not all Things so with wretched
Man?

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All Things soon pass away like rapid Streams
Which hasten to the Sea, where lost for ever
In th' Ocean's vast Abyss unknown they lie,
Our wisest Wishes and Desires are vain,
Abstracted Vanities, gay painted Bubbles,
That break when touch'd and vanish into Air.
Love, Wisdom, Knowledge, Riches, Phan-
toms all.

But before we thoroughly refute this Ob-
jection, I shall observe by the Way, That
Errors and Illusions are necessary to the
World. * "In general, indeed, it is true to
" say, that the World, as it is now, cannot
" keep it self in the same Condition, were
" not Men full of a Thousand false Prejudi-
" ces and unreasonable Passions; and if Philo-
" sophy went about to make Men act accord-
" ing to the clear and distinct Ideas of Reason,
" we might, perhaps, be satisfied, that Man-
" kind would quickly be at an end. Errors,
" Passions, Prejudices, and a Hundred other
" the like Faults, are as a necessary Evil to
" the World. Men would be worth no-
" thing for this World, were they cured, and
" the greatest part of the Things which now
" take up our Time, would be useless, as
" Quintilian well knew, namely Eloquence.

* Lett. 16. sur la Crit. de Calvin, p. 516.

Things are in this Condition, and will not easily change, and we may wait long enough for such a happy Revolution, before we shall be able to say with *Virgil*.

“ *Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.*

A Series long of Ages now appear,
Entirely new to Man, before unknown.

On the other Hand, * “ If you take away from Man every Thing that is chimerical, What Pleasure will you leave him? Pleasures are not Things so solid, as to permit us to search them to the bottom; one must only just touch them and away. They resemble boggy and moorish Ground, we must run lightly over them, without ever letting our Feet make the least Impression.

No, where soe’er we turn our wishing Eye,
True Pleasures never can our Souls enjoy.

Let us add, † “ That if we did not help to deceive our selves, we should never enjoy any Pleasure at all. The most agreeable Things in this World are, in the bottom,

* *Fontenelle Dial. d’Elisab. & du D. d’Alençon.*

† ——— *Dial. des Morts de Callirh. & de Paulin*

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“ so trivial, that they would not much af-
 “ fect us if we made but never so little seri-
 “ ous Reflection upon them. Pleasures are
 “ not made to be strictly examined into,
 “ and we are obliged every Day to pass over
 “ a great many Things in them, about which
 “ it would not be proper to make one self
 “ uneasy.

Besides, * “ Is not the Illusion we enjoy
 “ as valuable as the Good we possess? M.
 “ Fontenelle makes a very excellent Obser-
 “ vation hereupon in these Verses †.

“ *Souvent en s’attachant a des fantômes vains*
 “ *Notre raison seduite avec plaisir s’egare.*
 “ *Elle-même jôit l’objets qu’elle a fenits.*
 “ *Et cette illusion pour quelque tems repare*
 “ *Le defect des vrais biens que la nature avare*
 “ *N’a pas accordez aux humains.*

Often enchanted by the luring Charms
 Of Phantoms gay, our Reason all seduc’d,
 With Pleasure roams thro’ endless Desarts
 wild,
 Enjoys the Objects which her self has form’d.
 And this Illusion for some Time repairs
 The want of real Joys, which niggard Na-
 ture
 Never has granted to unhappy Man.

* *Noë. Dial. des Dieux. p. 68.*

† *Poësies. Passow.*

" Enjoyment, says *Montaigne* *, and Possession, belong principally to Imagination, which embraces more eagerly that which it is in pursuit of, than that which we have in our Power.

And certainly, one may pronounce them Happy, who thus amuse themselves, and believe themselves to be so. And indeed, when a Man is so far gone in this Persuasion, every Thing that is alledged to the contrary is rejected as a Fable.

But to shew, at present, the Reality, if one may say so, of meer Illusion, we need go no farther than the Poets, who are certainly the happiest Mortals living in that respect.

To instance no more, there's Mr. ———, who would fain be a Rhimer, and that's his Folly ; but tho' the poor Man, for his insipid Verses, and improper Epithets, richly deserves our Pity, yet is he wonderfully pleased with his Performances, and with a great deal of Tranquillity mounts up *Parassus*, in his own Conceit, in loftier Tracts than *Virgil* or *Theocritus* ever knew. But alas ! what would become of him, if some audacious Person should dare unbind his Eyes, and make him see his weak and graceless Lines, which, however smoothly they

* *Essais*, lib. 3. ch. 9.

may run, are, at best, but exquisitely dull; contain Terms that have no Meaning in them, and have no other Ornament, but unintelligible Jingle, and initial Letters? How would he curse the Day which deprived his senseless Soul of that happy Error that so much charm'd his Thoughts, and amus'd his Imagination?

What is here said of the Poets is applicable to all Mankind; and so a Man, whom any one should undertake to perswade, That the Mirth and Joy inspired by Wine is chimerical, would do well to answer him, after the Manner as a certain Mad-man did the Doctor that cured him. The Story is this,

Once upon a Time a certain *Bigot*, otherwise a Man of Sense, had his Brain a little touched with Whimsies, and continually fancied he heard the heavenly Musick of the blessed Spirits. At last a Physician, very expert in his Profession, cured him, either by his Skill, or by Chance, no Matter which; but when he came to demand his Fees; for what? Says the other, in a violent Passion, by your damn'd Slip-flops and hellish Art, you have robbed me of my Paradise, tho' you have cured me of my Error. This I borrow from *Boileau* *, as he did from *Horace* †.

* *Satire 4. M. le Vayer.*

† *Lib. 2. Ep. 2.*

“ There

* "There are, says *Pere Bouhours*, writing to *Bussi Rabutin*, agreeable Errors, which are much more valuable than that which the *Spaniards* call *Defengano*, and which might be called in our Language *Disabusement*, if this Word, which one of our best Writers has ventur'd upon, had been received.

We shall conclude with *M. de Sacy* †, "That it is not always doing Mankind an agreeable Service to dissipate their Illusions." And we say of those who taste those Satisfaction Wine inspires, what *M Bayle* says very pleasantly of News-Mongers, who are still in hopes of what they wish for. "They are ll, says he, the least unhappy, whatever happens. There is a great deal of Reality in their agreeable Sentiments, how chimerical soever their Foundation may be; so that they do not willingly suffer themselves to be disabused, and they sometimes say, when one gives them Reasons why they should believe the News that makes them so joyful, is doubtful, or absolutely false. *Why do you envy us the Pleasures we enjoy? Do not disturb our Entertainment, or rob us of what we hold most*

* *Lett. de Rab. T. 3. Lett. 63.*

† *De l'Amitié, p. 2.*

‡ *Rep. aux quest. d'un Prov. T. 1. ch. 20.*

" dear.

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“ dear. A Friend more opposite to Error
 “ than Charity is a very troublesome Rea-
 “ soner; and if he meddles with their Chi-
 “ meras they’ll endeavour to do him a Dis-
 “ kindness.

We come now to another Objection, and that is, That this Joy inspired by Wine is but of a very short Continuance; and the Pleasure one tastes in so short a Space, dearly repaid with a long and tedious Uneasiness. *Ebrietas unius horæ hilarem insaniam longo temporis tedio pensat.*

I own that it is a very great Misery, that our Pleasures are so short; and the shorter too, the more exquisite they are. And, perhaps, this may be a Kindness to us, since some are so superlatively so, that should they continue a much longer space, Mankind could not support themselves under these Ecstasies. But be this as it will, can we make them otherwise than they are? We must therefore have Patience, and take them as we find them. In short, there is no present Happiness in the World; all we can do is to be contented with the present, not uneasy at what’s to come, but sweeten with an Equality of Soul the bitter Miseries of Human Life.

C H A P. XXII.

An Answer to the Objection, That one loses one's Reason in getting Drunk.

T is objected here, that Reason ought to be the Motive of all our Actions; and, of Consequence, that we ought not voluntarily to lose it.

To this Objection I answer several ways. *First* and foremost then, I say, People do well to talk to us so much of Reason, when almost all Mankind acts without Reason, so that it may pass for a Thing that has no manner of Existence but in the Imagination. We shall prove this from *M. Bayle*. * "We are defined, says he, *a reasonable Animal*. A very fine Definition indeed, when none of us do any Thing but without Reason. I assure you, Sir, that one may say of Reason, what *Euripides* said in the beginning of one of his Tragedies, and which afterwards was corrected, on ac-

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" count of the Murmurings of the People.
 " *O Jupiter, For of thee I know nothing but*
 " *only the Name!* In relation to the Faculty
 " I am talking of, we know nothing more of
 " it than that, so that we may well laugh at
 " the Complaints of that Heathen Philoso-
 " pher, who found that Reason was a very
 " troublesome Present sent to us by the
 " Gods for our Ruin; for he supposed,
 " that Reason busied her self in our Af-
 " fairs, whereas the Truth of it is, she ne-
 " ver meddles in the least with them. We
 " act nothing but with Prejudice, by In-
 " stinct, by Self-love, and the sudden Start
 " of a Thousand Passions, which drag and
 " turn our Reason as they will, insomuch
 " that one may most justly define the Prin-
 " ciple which rules and domineers over us
 " *A Mass of Prejudices and Passions which*
 " *knows how to draw Consequences.* I remem-
 " ber to have seen a Man, who having ne-
 " ver heard mention made of the Cotta of
 " Cicero, said nevertheless as well as he
 " that it would have been much better that
 " God had not made us reasonable, since
 " Reason poisons all our Affairs, and makes
 " us ingenious to afflict our selves, upon
 " which a certain Person said to him
 " *Raillery, That he had what he desired; that*
 " *he had received so small a Share of Reason*
 " *that it was not worth his while to complain*
 " For my part, I turned the Thing other

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* Lett.
 t Ibid,

wife, that People were much in the wrong to murmur against Reason, since it is not that which guides us ; and that it is not too possible it should, without overthrowing the Order which has reigned so long in the World. The learned *Erasmus*, continued I, deserves the highest Praise in this respect ; he has written, *The Praise of Folly*, wherein he shows, That she sheds every where her Influence, and without her, the whole World would in a short Time be turned Topfey turvy. I make no doubt, Sir, but you know the Merit of that Work. The Author speaks, tho' in a merry Manner, the greatest Truths in the World ; and I do not know, whether he believed himself as profound a Philosopher, as he really was, in that ingenious Satire.

Secondly, This is not all, * “ It is sometimes necessary, for the general Good of the World, to follow Prejudices, popular Errors, and the blind Instincts of Nature, rather than the distinct Ideas of Reason.” *Mr. Bayle* extends himself farther on this sea in another Place, which I shall here insert. “ Errors, says he, irregular Passions, and unreasonable Prejudices, are so ne-

* *Lett. sur la Crit. du Calv. Lett. 16. p 504.*

Ibid, p. 535.

“cessary

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“ necessary to the World, to make it a Theatre of
 “ that prodigious Diversity of Events which
 “ make one admire his Providence. So that he
 “ who would reduce Men to do nothing but ac-
 “ cording to the distinct Ideas of *Reason*, would
 “ ruin Civil Society. If Man was reduced
 “ to this Condition, he would have no longer
 “ any Desire of Glory; and having no longer
 “ that Desire, is it not true, that then
 “ Mankind would be like Ice? I say, he
 “ would have no Desire of Glory, for right
 “ Reason shews us, That we should not
 “ make our Happiness depend on the Judge-
 “ ment of other Men; and consequently
 “ that we should not toil and fatigue our-
 “ selves, to make other People say this, or
 “ that, of us—— The earnest Desire
 “ of being praised after Death, is an In-
 “ stinct of Morality that God has impressed
 “ in the Mind of Man, to keep up Society.
 “ And it is certain, that earnest Desire has
 “ been the Cause of the greatest Events
 “ and this ought to instruct us, that the
 “ World stands in need of a great many In-
 “ stincts, which examined according to the
 “ Ideas of our Reason, are ridiculous and
 “ absurd. For there is nothing so opposite
 “ to Reason, as to torment our selves in
 “ this Life, that we may be praised after
 “ we are dead, since neither Philosophy
 “ nor Experience, nor Faith, nor any Thing
 “ whatsoever, makes it appear, That the
 “ Praise

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Praises given us after Death can do us any good. It would be a Thing uneasy to the Heart of Man, if we did nothing but according to the Light of Reason; and how many Designs would come to nothing at the same Time?

Thirdly, Besides, Reason very often serves for nothing but to make us wretched. The Happiness of Man is never the Work of Reason." Of all our Evils Reason is often the worst; it frightens us in the full career of our Pleasures, and with importunate Remorses comes to bridle our fleet Desires. The horrid Thing reserves for us most cruel and matchless Rigors. 'Tis like a troublesome Pedant one is forced to hear, who always growls, but never touches us, and frequently like D——, and such like venerable Impertinents, lose the Time they employ in Predication.

* "If there be any Happiness, says *Fontenelle*, that Reason produces, it is like that Sort of Health which cannot be maintained but by the Force of Physic, and which is ever most feeble and uncertain." And in another Place he cries out, † "Can we not have sound Sight without being at the same Time wretched and uneasy? Is

* *Dial. de M. Stuart, & P. Riccio.*

† *Dial. de Parmen. & de Theb.*

" there

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“there any Thing gay but Error? And is
 “Reason made for any Thing else but to
 “torment and kill us?” * “What Cause
 “have not Men to bewail their wretched
 “Condition? Nature furnishes them but
 “with a very few Things that are agree-
 “able, and their Reason teaches them how
 “to enjoy them yet less.” † “And, why
 “has Nature, in giving us Passions which
 “are sufficient to make us happy, given
 “us Reason, that will not suffer us to
 “be so?”

’Twas this same troublesome Reason that
 made *Sophocles* say, || “It is very sweet to
 “live, but none of your Wisdom, away
 “with her, she spoils Life.

Vaunt less thy Reason, O unhappy Man!
 Behold how useless is this Gift celestial,
 For which, they say, thou should’st the rest
 disdain.

Feeble as thou wert in thy infant Days,
 Like thee she moved, she totter’d and was
 weak.

When Age mature arriv’d, and call’d to
 Pleasures,
 Slave to thy Sense, she still was so to thee,

* *Dial. de Alexand. & Phryne.*

† *Nouv. Dial. des Dieux*, p. 99.

|| *Moria Encom.*

When fifty Winters, Fate had let thee count;
Pregnant with thousand Cares and Worlds
of Woes,

The hateful Issue in thy Breast she threw,
And now grown old thou loofest her for
ever.

Before I end this Chapter, let every
Body take Notice, That if for having spo-
ken so much against Reason, any one should
say, that it is a plain sign the Author has
gone; and that there are a great many
others, who, in the Words of M. La Motte
will be apt to say,

*Heureux cent fois l'Auteur avec qui l'on
s'oublie*

*Qui nous offre un charmant poison,
Et nous associant a sa douce folie
Nous affranchit de la raison.*

Happy the Author, whose bewitching Stile
Life's tedious Minutes can beguile,
Makes us, with him, forget uneasy Care,
And not remember what we are.
Who by a Charm, which no one can with-
stand,
Enchanting Poison can command,

* La Motte, Od. la Vanité.

Can make us ſhare his pleaſing Foolery,
And from dull Reaſon ſet us free.

And I ſhall not be wanting to anſwer in
the Words of the ſame Gentleman.

* “ *Bûveur’s brifer le joug d’une raiſon trop ſer*
“ *Eteignez ſon triſte flambeau*
“ *D’autres enſeignent l’art d’augmente ſa lumiere*
“ *Mais l’art eteindre eſt plus beau.*

Break, jolly Topers, break th’ ungratefu
Chain

Of Reaſon, if ſhe too imperious grow,
Of being diſturb’d you never need complain
If you put out her troubleſome Flam
beau.

Others may teach the Art t’ Increate he
Fires,

To put them Out a finer Art requires.

* *Od. Italia.*



C H A

C H A P. XXIII.

An Answer to the Objection, That one cannot trust a Man that gets Drunk.

HERE is a Proverb amongst the Jews, * "*Ingrediente vino egreditur secretum.*" As the Wine goes in so the Secret goes out. Seneca † makes the same Objection. "As, says he, new Wine bursts the Vessel, and the Heat makes every Thing go upwards, so the Force of Wine is such, that it brings to light, and discovers, what is most secret and hidden.

In answer to this Objection I say, That people who are naturally Secret, are not so after drinking. || "And Bacchus was not said to be the Inventor of Wine, on Account of the Liberty of his Tongue, but because he freed our Minds from

* *Voyage de Rouvie, p. 497.*

† *Ep. 83.*

|| *Seneca de Tranquill.*

“ Disquiet, and makes them more firm and
 “ resolute in what we undertake.

Besides, do we not see every Day, People of all Ranks, Conditions, and Characters, get drunk, and yet we trust them with Secrets, and it very rarely happens they speak of them when they are drunk. Thus, if we consult History, we shall learn from Seneca † himself, that the Design of killing *Cæsar* was as well communicated to *Tullius Cimber* who was a great Drinker, as to *C. Cassius* who drank nothing but Water. And tho *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome*, got frequently drunk, he, notwithstanding, excellently acquitted himself of his Duty. *Augustus* made no manner of difficulty to give him secret Instructions, bestowing on him the Government of *Thrace*, the Conquest of which he intirely completed. *Tiberius*, before he left *Rome*, where he was generally hated, in order to retire into the *Campania* made choice of *Costus*, who was extremely given to Wine, for Governor of that City to whom he communicated such Things as he dared not trust his own Ministers with.

* Seneca, *Ep.* 83.

C H A P. XXIV.

An Answer to the Objection, That Drunkenness makes one incapable of performing the Duties of Civil Life.

DENY this absolutely, and to prove the contrary, I say, the *Per-
sians* had a Custom to deliberate on Things the most serious, and of the greatest Importance, after hard Drinking. *Cicero* reports the same Thing of the *Ger-
mans*. *Dampier* assures us, That the same custom is practised with the Inhabitants of the *Isthmus Darien*. And to go higher, one finds in *Homer*, that during the Siege of *Troy*, the *Greeks*, in Council, did eat and drink heartily. An evident Proof, that this Objection is contrary to Experience. But to go farther, this same Experience made the Ancients look on those who could carry a great deal of Wine, as Persons of a Genius very much superior to those who could not drink at all. On this Account it was, that *Alexander*, in writing to the *Lacedemonians* the Reasons which rendered him more capable of Government than his Brother, amongst other Things, takes Notice, that he could

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drink

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drink more Wine than he. And so many fine Productions, for which we are obliged to the Drunkenness of the Poets, make it evidently appear, that Wine, far from rendering us incapable of doing any Thing that is good, rather helps and incites us to it. This important Truth we shall confirm by several Examples.

Plutarch relates, that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, after having conquered the *Athenians* made a Feast, at which he got drunk; and that all proud with that happy Success, he nevertheless did a great many Things intirely ridiculous; but being informed that the Ambassadors that the *Athenians* sent to him to desire Peace, wished to see him, he changed his Countenance all of a sudden and having heard their Proposals with a possible Attention, answered them with a great deal of Justice.

The Emperor *Bonofus*, who *Amelian* said was born not to live, but to drink, acted always with greater Prudence after drinking, says *Flavius Vopiscus*, after *Onesimus* *.

We have taken Notice, in the foregoing Chapter, that *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome* tho' he was often drunk, acquitted himself notwithstanding, punctually of his Duty.

* *Flav. Vopisc. in vita Bonof.*

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† *Christiern*, the 4th King of Denmark, drank like a Templer, and never King was more laborious, a greater Lover of his Subjects, or more beloved by them.

* *Scaliger* says, That a German has as much Reason when he is drunk, as when he has drank nothing. *Non minus sapit Germanus ebrius quam sobrius.*

|| *Montaigne* speaks in his Essays, of a great Lord of his Time, who, tho' he drank every Day a prodigious Quantity of Wine, was, nevertheless, equally careful in his Affairs. According to which, that which *Cicero* says is not generally true, viz. That one must never expect Prudence from a Man that is always drunk." *Nec enim ab homine nunquam sobrio postulanda prudentia* J.

Another Proof that Drunkenness does not render us incapable of doing any thing that is good, is, that it inspires People with Courage, and even makes the Coward valiant. *Ad prelia trudit inertem.* Experience confirms this Truth. "We see, says *Montaigne* §, that our Germans, tho' drowned in

† *Amel. de la Houffai sur Tacit. Ann. Liv. II. 35.*

* *Scaligeriana*, p. 169.

|| *L. 2. ch. 2.*

§ *Orat. 2. Philip.*

§ *Essais*, l. 2. ch. 2.

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“ Wine, remember their Post, the Word
“ and their Rank.

We read in *Spartien*, That a certain General having been vanquished by the *Sarcens*, his Soldiers laid all the Blame of their Defeat on their want of Wine.

The Soldiers of the Army of *Pescennius Niger* pressed earnestly for Wine, undoubtedly to make them fight the better; but he refused them in these Words, *You have the Nile*, said he, *and do you ask for Wine?* In Imitation, I suppose, of the Emperor *Augustus* *, who, when the People complained of the Dearth and Scarcity of Wine, said to them, *My Son in Law Agrippa has preserved you from Thirst by the Canals he has made for you.*

By what has been said it plainly appears That Wine is so far from hindering a Man from performing the Duties of Life, that it rather forwards him, and is an admirable Ingredient in all States and Conditions, both of Peace and War, which made *Horace* † thus bespeak the God of Wine.

“ *Quamquam choreis aptior & jociis*

“ *Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus*

* Sueton. in *Vit. August.*

† *Lib. 2. Od. 19.*

The Praise of Drunkenness. 149

" *Pugnis ferebaris, sed idem*

" *Pacis eras mediusque Belli.*

Tho' thou more apt for Love than furious
War,

And gay Desires to move, thy chiefeft Care,
For War, and sweetest Pleasures, you can
joyn,

Both *Mars* and *Venus* are Devotes to Wine.



148 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

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The Praise of Drunkenness. 149

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CHAP. XXV.

*Burlesque, ridiculous, and out-of-the-Way
Thoughts, against Drunkenness.*

It is reported that *Gerson* should say, That there was no Difference between a Man's killing himself at one Stroke, or to procure Death by several, in getting Drunk.

Some Body has burlesqued this Verse of *Ovid**,

Vina parant animos, faciuntque coloribus aptos.

And thus changed it,

Vina parant asinos, faciuntque furoribus aptos.

† *Cyneas* alluding to those high Trees which they used to fasten the Vines, said of

* *Sphinx Theol.* p. 682.

† *Diver. cur.* T. 1. p. 141.

Day, discoursing on Wine, that it was not without Reason that his Mother was hanged upon so high a Gibbet.

|| "The Diversion that People took heretofore in making one another drunk, appeared more heinous to St. *Augustine* than an Assassination, for he maintained, that those who made any one drunk, did him greater Injury than if they had given him a Stab with a Dagger.

* "A Greek Physician wrote once a Letter to *Alexander*, in which he begged him to remember, that every Time that he drank Wine, he drank *the pure Blood of the Earth*, and that he must not abuse it.

† "Some Poets say, that it was the Blood of the Gods wounded in their Battle with the Giants.

‡ "The *Severians* in St. *Epiphanius*, hold, that it was engendered by a Serpent, and it is for that Reason that the Vine is so strong. And the *Encratites*, in the same Author, imagine to themselves, that it was the Gall of the Devil.

|| *Rep. des Lett.* Janv. 1687. Art. I.

* *Androcydes.*

† *Entret. de Voiture, & de Costar, Lett.* 29.

‡ *Lib. 1. Heresf.* 47.

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“Noah * in an Hour of Drunkenness
“says St. *Jerom*, let his Body be seen naked,
“ked, which he had kept covered for five
“Hundred Years.

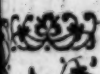
* *Ep. ad Ocean.*



CHA

C H A P. XXVI.

*A ridiculous Aversion that some have to
Wine.*

 N averſion to Wine is a Thing not
 A very common ; and there are but
 a very few but will ſay with Ca-
tullus.

*At vos quo lubet, hinc abite lymphæ
Vini perniciēs.*

perniciſious Water, bane to Wine, be gone.

One ſhould certainly be very much in the
wrong to put in the Number of thoſe who had
an Aversion to Wine the Duke of Clarence.
his Brother Edward the Fourth, prejudiced
with the Predictions of Merlin, as if they
retold, that one Day that Duke ſhould
ſurp the Crown from his Children, reſol-
ved to put him to Death, he only gave him
the Liberty to chuſe what Death he would
die of. The Duke being willing to die a
happy Death, choſe to be drowned in a Butt.

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of *Malmesey*. Not unlike him on whom this Epigram was made.

* “ *In cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret,*
“ *Sic ait Oeneus, sponte perire velim.*

In a full Glass of Wine expir'd a Fly,
So, said *Oeneus*, would I freely die.

But let us come in earnest to those who have really had an Antipathy to Wine. *Herbelot* †, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, says, that there are some *Mussulmans* so superstitious, that they will not call Wine by its true Name, which is *Schamr* and *Nedibh*; and that there are some Princes amongst them that have forbidden the mentioning of it by express Laws. The Reason of all this is, the Prohibition of *Mahomet* to his Followers, which enjoyns them not to drink Wine. The Occasion of which Prohibition is as follows. || “ They say, that passing one Day
“ thro’ a Village, and seeing the People in
“ the Mirth of Wine embracing and kis-
“ sing one another, and making a Thou-
“ sand Protestations of Friendship, he was
“ so charmed with the Sight, that he blessed

* *Rem. sur Rabel. T. 4. ch. 93.*

† Page 777.

|| *Du Mont. Voyag. T. 3. Let. 5.*

“ the Wine, as the best Thing in the
“ World. But that, at his return, ob-
“ serving the same Place full of Blood,
“ and having been informed, that the same
“ Men whom he had seen before so merry,
“ had, at last, changed their Mirth in-
“ to Rage, and been fighting with their
“ Swords, he recalled his Benediction, and
“ cursed Wine for ever, on account of the
“ bad Effects it produced.

It is one of the chief Commandments
amongst the *Siameze*, to drink no Wine,
nor any Liquor that will procure Drun-
kenness*.

† “ Drunkenness is detested in most Parts
“ of hot Countries. It is looked upon there
“ as infamous. The greatest Affront you
“ can give a *Spaniard*, is to call him Drun-
“ kard. I have been assured, continues
“ M. Bayle, a Servant, if his Master should
“ call him so, might bring his Action at
“ Law against him, and recover Damages,
“ tho’ any other Name he’ll suffer very pa-
“ tiently, and without any right of Com-
“ plaint of being injured in his Reputa-
“ tion, as Rogue, Hang-Dog, B———,
“ &c.

* Chaumont *Voyag. de Siam.*

† Bayle *Dict. T. 2. p. 1266.*

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Empedocles, we may well conclude, loved Wine, which he called, *Water putrified in Wood.*

* Amongst the *Locrians*, *Seleucus* had such an Aversion to Wine, that he forbade any one to drink it under Pain of Death, or even give it to the Sick.

Apollonius Thyaneus never drank any Wine, no more than *St. Fulgentius*, Bishop, *S. Stephen* King of *Poland*, and Cardinal *Emeri*.

† “The *Severians*, Disciples of *Severus*,
“ in the Time of Pope *Sotherus*, condemned
“ absolutely Wine, as a Creature of the
“ Devil.

|| The Emperor *Frederic* the Third, seeing his Wife barren, consulted the Physicians upon the Case, who told him, that if the Empress would drink Wine she might be fruitful. But he told them, like a Simpleton as he was, that he had rather his Wife should be barren and sober, than be fruitful and drink Wine. And the Empress being informed of the wise Answer of the Imperial Ninny-Hammer her Husband, said full as wisely, That if she was

* *Ælian, lib. 2. ch. 33.*

† *Du Mont. Voyag. T. 3. Lit. 5.*

|| *Rec. choisie d' Hist.*

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to be put to her Choice, to drink Wine or die, she should make no manner of Hesitation, but prefer Death.

De nimia Sapientia libera nos Domine.



CHAP.



C H A P. XXVII.

Rigorous Laws against Wine and Drunkenness.

T is easy to imagine, that Princes who did not love Wine themselves, would make very rigorous Laws against Drunkenness, and fall in to that Fault which *Horace* speaks of.

Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.

But this Maxim, *Nullum violentum durabile*, has been verified a great many Times, upon this Subject of Drunkenness, for all the Laws made against it have not long subsisted.

* *Pentheus*, King of *Thbes*, endeavoured to extirpate entirely the Custom of getting Drunk, but he did not find his Account in it, for he was very ill treated by his Subjects for his Pains.

† *Lycurgus*, King of *Thrace*, commanded all the Vines of the Country to be cut up,

* *Sphinx Theol.* p. 669.

† *Hist.* 7 *Sap.*

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for which he was justly punished by *Bacchus*. He also made Laws against Drunkenness, which one may reckon amongst the bad ones that he instituted. As,

I. *The using Women in common.*

II. *The Nudity of young Women in certain solemn Festivals.*

* "*Pittacus*, one of the wise Men of Greece, commanded, that he who committed a Fault when he was drunk, should suffer double Punishment. And amongst the Laws of *Solon*, there was one, which condemned to Death the chief Magistrate if he got drunk. Amongst the *Indians*, who only just touch Wine in the Ceremonies of their Sacrifices, the Law commands, that the Woman who killed one of their Kings, should get drunk, and marry his Successor.

† The *Athenians* had also very severe Laws against those that should get drunk; but one may say, these Laws resembled those of *Draco*, which were written rather with Blood than Ink.

We come now to the *Turks*. Sir *Paul Ricaut* tells us several Particulars on this Head.

* *Chevreana*, T. 1. p. 217.

† *Hist.* 7 *Sap.*

|| See his *Turkish Hist.*

Amu-

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Amurath, says he, resolved in the Year 1634, to forbid entirely the Use of Wine. He put out a severe Edict, which commanded all the Houses where they sold Wine to be razed, the Barrels where-ever they should be found to be staved, and the Wine to be let out into the Streets. And that he might truly be satisfied his Orders were obeyed, he frequently disguised himself, and walked in that manner about the City; and when he found any one carrying Wine, he sent him to Prison, and had him bastinadoed almost to Death. One Day he met in the Streets a poor deaf Man, who not hearing the Noise usually made at the Approach of the Sultan, did not soon enough avoid a Prince whose Presence was so fatal. This Negligence cost him his Life. He was strangled by order of the Grand Seignior, who commanded his Body to be cast into the Street. But this great Severity did not last long, and all Things returned to their former Condition.

However, Matters took again another Turn under the Reign of *Mahomet* the IVth. who in 1670. resolved to forbid all the Soldiery the Use of Wine. The terrible Seditions that Liquor had formerly raised were remembered, and especially, that which happened under *Mahomet* the Third, who saw his *Seraglio* forced by a great Multitude of Soldiers full of Wine, and whose Fury he could

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could not free himself from, but by sacrificing his principal Favourites. An Edict was published, to prohibit entirely the Use of Wine, and to command all those who had any in their Houses, to send it out of Town. The same extended all over the Empire. The Sultan condemned to Death those who should violate this Decree, in which he spoke of Wine as of a Liquor infernal, invented by the Devil to destroy the Souls of Men, to disturb their Reason, and put States into Combustion. This was rigorously put in Execution, and to that Extremity, that it cost the Ambassador of *England*, and the Christian Merchants of *Constantinople*, great Sollicitations, and large Sums of Money, to get leave to make only as much Wine as would suffice for their own Families. At *Smyrna*, the Officers of the Grand Seignior had not the same Indulgence for the Christians, who were one whole Year without Wine; and it was with great Difficulty they got leave to import it from the Isles of the *Archipelago*, and other Places, not comprized in that Prohibition. For this Prohibition reached only those Places where there were *Mosques*. Besides all this, they made every *Friday* Sermons stuffed full of Declamations against those who should drink it. In short, this Edict was so severe, that Wine seemed to be banished for ever the States of the Grand Seignior. But in about a Year's Time its Severity

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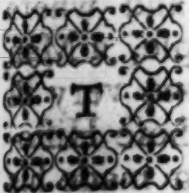
verity was somewhat remitted. The Ambassadors, and other Christians, had leave to make Wine within themselves, and about a Year after that, the Indulgence for Wine was general, the Taverns were opened, and at this Day that Liquor is as common as it was before.



C H A P. XXVIII.

Rules to be observed in getting Drunk.

I. *Not too often.* II. *In good Company.*



O avoid the Disorders that Drunkenness might cause, here are some Rules that ought to be observed in this important Affair of getting Drunk; for, according to *Pliny*, the Art of getting Drunk has its Laws.

Hac ars suis legibus constat.

I. The first, and principal of these, is not to get drunk too often. This is what * *Seneca* recommends very much. " You must not, " says he, do it often, for fear it grow into " a Habit; 'tis but only sometimes, you " should make your Spirits gay in banish- " ing gloomy Sobriety.

* *De Tranquil tate.*

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And if any Person objects, That if one gets drunk sometimes one shall do it often. I deny the Consequence, and say in the Words of the Philosopher, an Axiom held by both Universities, that

Ab actu ad habitum non valet consequentia.

II. Second Rule. One must not get drunk but in good Company. That is to say, with good Friends, People of Wit, Honour, and good Humour, and where there is good Wine. For Example, a Man in former Times would have done very ill to get drunk with *Heliogabalus*, whose Historian * reports, that after having made his Friends drunk, he used to shut them up in an Apartment, and at Night let loose upon them *Lions, Leopards, and Tygers*, which always tore to pieces some of them. On the other Hand, the best Wine in the World will taste very bad in bad Company. 'Tis therefore that *Martial* reproaches one, that he spoiled his good Wine with his silly Babbling.

———— *Verbis mucida vina facis.*

* *Ælius Lamprid. in Vit. Heliogab.*

C H A P. XXIX.

Third Rule, *With good Wine.*

HEN one has a mind to get drunk, one should make Choice of good Wine, and not drink bad, which is prejudicial to Health. For Example, green Wine is very bad; this * *Guillaume Cretin*, a great Punster, has expressed in these Verses, which, I own, I am not able to put into *English*.

“ *Par ce vin verds Atropos a trop os*
“ *Des corps humains ruez envers en vers*
“ *Dont un quidam apre aux pots a propos*
“ *A fort blâmé les tours pervers en vers.* ”

Good Wine, on the contrary, has very good Effects. *Erasmus* † preserved himself from the Plague, by drinking a Glass of *Burgundy* at a proper Season.

You see now the Efficacy of good Wine, which, to be in its Perfection, the Adepts in

* *Rem. sur. Rabel. T. 3. p. 39.*

† *Journ. des Sçav. June, 1706.*

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the Free Schools of *Liber Pater* say, must have these four Properties, and please these four Senses; the Taste by its Savour, the Smell by its Flavour, the Sight by its clean and bright Colour, and the Ear by the Fame of the Country where it grows. Old Wine was looked upon to be the best by the Antients.

A Beauty, when advanc'd in Age,
No more her Lovers can engage,
But Wine, the rare Advantage, knows,
It pleases more, more old it grows.

And were they never so old themselves, they would still, if possible, have the Wine older than they were. *Nec cuiquam adeo longa erat vita, ut non ante se genita potaret* *. Which these Words of *Seneca* † also confirm, “ Why at your House do you drink Wine
“ older than your self? *Cur apud te vinum*
“ *apud te vetustius bibitur.*

Martial says, “ Do you ask me of what
“ Consulate this Wine is? It was before
“ there were any Consuls in the World.

“ *De sinuessanis venerunt Massica praelis:*
“ *Condita quo queris consule? nullus erat.*

* *Plin.*

† *De Vit. beat. c. 17.*

At present the Fame of the best Wine in Europe is reckoned to be, that of *Monte Fiascone*, two Days Journey from *Rome*. Here it was a German Abbot killed himself by drinking too much of this delicious Creature. The Story is this, and it is related in *Lassell's Travels*.

A certain German Abbot travelling to *Rome*, ordered his Servant to ride before him, and when he found the best Wine, to chalk upon the Door of the Inn (in order to save Time) the Word *EST*. Coming to *Monte Fiascone*, he found it so excellent, that he put down, *Est, Est, Est*, which the Abbot finding true, drank so plentifully of it, that he went no farther on his Journey, but lies buried, they say, in the Cathedral Church, with this Epitaph, written by his Servant the Purveyor.

Est, Est, Est,

&

Propter nimium Est,

Hervus meus Dominus Abbas

mortuus Est.

The Wine called *Lachryma Christi*, or the Tears of Christ, is a most delicious Wine. At least a Master of Arts of the University of *Cologne* thought so, who going also to *Rome*, drank

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drank at the same Place pretty heartily of it, and out of the Abundance of his Heart cried out,

Utinam Christus lachrymatus fuisset in nostra Patria.

I wish Christ had shed Tears in our Country.

M. Hofman believes, that Rhenish Wine is the best of all Wines for one's Health.

There grows also most excellent Wines in France, such as Champagne.

* *Wenceslaus*, King of *Bohemia* and the *Romans*, being come into *France* on account of some Negotiations with *Charles* the 6th, arrived at *Rheims* in the Month of *March*, 1397. when he was in that City he found the Wine so good, that he got drunk more than once; and being one Day in that Condition, that he could not enter into any serious Discourses, he rather chose to grant what was asked of him than leave off drinking.

The Wines of *Burgundy* must not be forgotten, which some prefer to *Champagne*.

Baudius called *Vin de Beaulne*, *Vinum Deorum*, the Wine of the Gods."

* *Journ. de Scav. June 1706.*

† *Patimania*, p. 34.

The Wines of *Ai* are also very excellent. S. Evremont * says, that *Leo* the 10th, *Charles* the 5th, *Francis* the 1st, and *Hen.* 8th, King of *England*, did not think it below their Dignity, amongst the most important Affairs of State, to take care to have the Wines of *Ai*. *Henry IV.* caused himself to be stiled Lord of *Ai* and *Gonesse*.

But I shall desire my Readers here to observe two Things, First, That artificial Wines, and a many other Liquors, containing a great deal of gross viscous Matter, excite a Drunkenness more long and dangerous, than that which is produced by ordinary Wines. Another Thing is, Never to get drunk with Brandy, Spirits, and Strong Waters. *Patin* † says very pleasantly, that these are sugar'd Poisons which surely kill: They give Life to those who sell them, and Death to those who use them.

* *Lett. S. Evrem.*

† *Vign. Marvill, T. 2. p. 7.*





CHAP. XXX.

Fourth Rule, *At convenient Times.*

WH O' one must not get drunk every Day, one may, notwithstanding, on certain Occasions. One must sometimes unbend the Mind.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

And when a Man puts on the Air of a Philosopher, 'tis then he turns Fool in affecting to be wise.

There is a Time for all Things, and so there is in getting Drunk, that is, getting drunk with Decency and Decorum; and there are some Times which are not convenient to do so. As for Example (for I love to illustrate what I advance) it does not suit with Decorum for a Judge to be drunk on the Bench; nor a Crier in the Court exercising his Office, [hiccup, ki ——— Book] a Parson in the Pulpit, an experimental Philosopher in shewing of his Gimcracks, nor a Free-Mason on the Top of a Church Steeple.

But

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But it suits very well with strict Decorum,
to get drunk at a publick Rejoicing after a
signal Victory.

When the proud *Gaul* sustain'd an Over-
throw.

By the Immortal MARLBOROUGH
Ever Invincible! then you and I,
My *Thirsis*, shar'd the common Joy.
Blenheim and *Rameillies* were then our Song,
The Day tho' short, the Night was long,
Till both with mighty Claret glow'd,
And tipfy, to our Beds were shew'd.

We may also very decently get drunk
with a Friend we have not seen a long
while.

Here 'tis! — O welcome, Flask Divine,
How bright does thy Vermillion shine!
Thou charming Native of *Dijon**,
At thy Approach my Cares are flown,
Sad Melancholy is no more,
Which rack'd and plagu'd my Soul before.
Whether thy Influence incites,
(Sweet Influence) to soft Delights;
Or else dost other Measures keep,
And gently urge to peaceful Sleep.

* *Dijon, chief City in Burgundy.*

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O may'st thou still such Streams bestow,
Still with such ruddy Torrents flow.
Damon, this Bottle is your due,
And more I have in Store for you
Under the Sun the faithfullest Friend:
I've kept them for no other End.
Drink then a Bumper, 'tis a Folly,
Dear Damon, to be melancholy.

However rigorous the *Roman* Laws were against Drunkenness, they permitted it nevertheless on their Festivals; witness what a young Man said to his Father in Presence of the People. * "No Father, says he, I have no reason to be ashamed for having taken a little more Wine than ordinary at a Feast with my Companions." *Non est res qua embescam, Pater, si die festo inter aequales largiore vino fui usus.*

The *Persian* Soldiers, who otherwise lived very soberly, were permitted to get drunk once a Year †.

In *Georgia*, he who did not get quite drunk at their principal Holidays, as at *Easter* and *Christmas*, was not looked upon to be a Christian, and ought to be excommunicated. § So that, according to this

* *Tit Liv. lib. 4. cb. 14.*

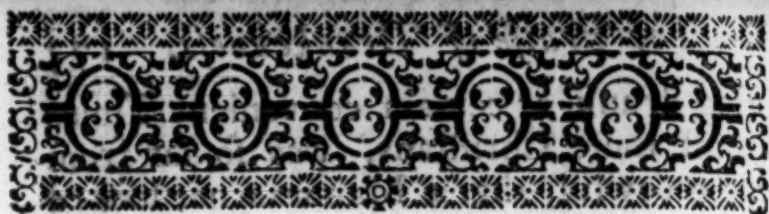
† *Alex. ab Alex. lib. 2. cb. 11.*

§ *Voyag. de Chard. T. 2. 129.*

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getting drunk at certain convenient Times amongst these Christians, was so far from being unlawful, that a Man was not looked upon to be Orthodox without he did so. Getting drunk is therefore very Orthodox.





C H A P. XXXI.

Fifth Rule, *To force no one to drink.*

 T is very ridiculous and unreasonable to force any one to drink, because the taking away Liberty spoils Company, the Benefit of which cannot subsist without Freedom. Besides, every Man's Capacity of drinking is not the same; one shall be able to drink a Gallon, and another a Pint; the latter therefore, by drinking a Pint, has drank as much as the former when he has taken off his Gallon, because they both have drank as they can, and ——— *Ferdinando* ——— No Man can do more than he can do. Let every Man therefore have the Liberty to drink as he pleases, without being tied up to the mad Laws of drinking. I am of the same Opinion in this Matter with Brother *Horace*.

————— *Prout cinq; libide est*
Siccat inequales calices conviva solutus
Legibus insanis, seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, seu modicis humescit latius. ———

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We learn from History, that there was an antient Law amongst the *Persians*, that forbad any one to force another to drink. The *Lacedemonians* also had that laudable Custom.

Charlemagne also made a Law, that prohibited forcing any one to drink.

Mr. *Bayle* reports a very pleasant Revenge that M. *Peyren* gave to *Raphael Thorius*, a very learned Person, who would force him to drink, which take as follows. * “ M. “ *Peyren* dining at *London* with several Persons of Learning, could not be discharged from drinking a Health that Dr. *Thorius* toasted. The Glass was of a prodigious size, which M. *Peyren*, for that reason, a long while refused, and alledged a thousand Reasons, but all in vain: He must empty the Glass. Before he did it he made this Agreement with his Antagonist, that he should drink a Health afterwards that he should toast to him; which being consented to, he took off the Bumper, and filled the Glass full of Water, and drank it off to the Doctor, who thereupon was Thunder-struck, but seeing he could not get off, sighed deeply, and lifted the Glass a Thousand Times to

* *Diction.* p. 2875. Art. Thor.

176 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

“ his Lips, and as often drew it back again:
 “ He called to his Assistance all the quaint
 “ Sayings of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets,
 “ and was almost the whole Day drinking
 “ that cursed Bumper.

This is not much unlike what *M. Chevreau* reports of *Marigni*, who, * “ after
 “ having dined at one of the best eating
 “ Houses in *Frankfort*, with six or seven Persons of Quality, was called to the Side-board, where one of them began the Emperor’s Health. This he must drink, and as he foresaw very well, that this Extravagance would be attended with others, he order’d three or four great Pieces of Bread to be brought to him, and having eaten half of one to the Health of the King of *France*, he gave the other Half to the other, who took it, indeed, but would not so much as put it to his Mouth. The Company surprized at so unexpected a Novelty let him alone without any Contradiction.

Nevertheless, one should be very diligent in observing this Rule, which is, That when we find our selves in the Company of People that drink, and would not run those Lengths they are going to do, to

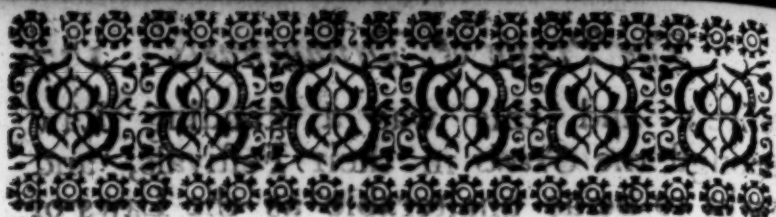
* *Chœvæana*, T. 2. p. 188.

The Praise of Drunkenness. 177

retire; and this was a standing Law amongst the *Greeks* in their Festivals, and ought to be as unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*, viz.

DRINK, OR GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.





C H A P. XXXII.

Sixth Rule. *Not to push Drunkenness too far.*

IT is certain, that to do well, we ought continually to have an Eye to this Maxim of *Horace*, viz. *Est modus in rebus*. And the *Ne quid nimis* of *Terence*. But especially, in this grand and most important Affair of Drunkenness. *Seneca* very well distinguishes two Sorts of Drunkenness, one which entirely buries our Reason; and the other, which only diverts Melancholy and Chagrin. The last we believe to be very lawful: But we would have it go farther, even so far, as not only to divert, but to drive away our Cares entirely, or else not to get drunk at all. That which is between these, if any such there can be, does one an Injury, according to the Poet.

*'Aut nulla Ebrietas, aut tanta sit ut tibi curas
Eripiat, si quæ est inter utramque nocet.*

After

The Praise of Drunkenness. 179

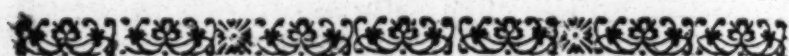
After this Manner would we have People use the Juice of the Grape; that is, to go so far, as to make our Hearts merry, gay, and sprightly, and so as to forget our Cares.

It would be here useless to shew, by a great many Examples, the Disorders that Drunkenness has caused, when pushed too far, because it was never the Intention of this Work, but to divert (as Wine was designed to do) and make merry, I shall therefore conclude the whole with an Ode to *Bacchus*, as follows.





A N
O D E
T O
B A C C H U S.



I.

LET's sing the Glories of the God of
Wine,
May his immortal Praise
Be the eternal Object of our Song,
And sweetest Symphonies ; may ev'ry Tongue
And Throat sonorous, vocal Music raise,
And ev'ry grateful Instrument combine
To celebrate, great God, thy Power Di-
vine.

Let

The Praise of Drunkenness. 181

Let other Poets to the World relate,
Of *Troy*, the hard, unhappy Fate;
And in immortal Song rehearse,
Purpled with Streams of Blood the *Phrygian*
Plain;

The glorious Hist'ry of *Achilles* slain,
And th' odious Memory of *Pelop's* Sons
revive in Verse.

II.

God of the Grape, thou potent Boy,
Thou only Object of our cordial Vows,
To thee alone I consecrate my Heart,
Ready to follow thee in ev'ry Part:
Thy Influence sweet Mirth bestows,
For thee alone I'd live and die in Scenes of
Joy.

Thy Bounty all our Wishes still prevents;
Thy wond'rous Sweetness calms to soft Repose
Our wild Regrets and restless Woes,
And richly ev'ry craving Mind contents,
Without thee *Venus* has no Charms;
You Constancy to am'rous Souls impart,
And Hopes bestow to each despairing Heart.

III.

But, what involuntary Transports roll,
And seize, at once, my agitated Soul!

Into

182 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

Into what sacred Vale! what silent Wood!
 (I speak not by the Vulgar understood.)
 Am I, O God! O wond'rous Deity!
 Ravish'd, brimful of thy Divinity and Thee!
 To my (once Infidel) believing Eyes
Bacchus unveils entire his sacred Mysteries.
 Movements confus'd of Joy and Fear
 Hurry me I know not where.

With Boldness all Divine the God inspires;
 With what a pleasing Fury am I fill'd!

Such raging Fires
 Never the *Menades* in *Thracian* Caves be-
 held.

IV.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
 Leave a while the Realms above;
 With your gay Presence grace the Feast
 Of that great God, who bears a boundless
 Sway,
 Who conquer'd Climates where first rose
 the Day.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
 At rich Repasts an ever welcome Guest;
 But O —, too long you stay,
 Already young *Amyntor* brisk and gay

His lovely *Doris* o'er the Plain pursues:
 The sparkling Juice at *Sylvan* Nymphs com-
 mand

Richly distills from their ambrosial Hand,
 And old *Silenus* copiously bedews.

V.

Hence, ye profane,

I hate ye all, fly, quit the Field,

My ready Soul gives way

To those gay Movements, this important Day

Inspires, so to the Conq'rour willing Cap-
tives yield.

Come, faithful Followers of *Bacchus'* Train,

(*Bacchus*, most lovely of the Gods)

Enter these bless'd Abodes.

On high his verdant Banners rear,

And quick the Festival prepare.

Reach me my Lute, a proper Air

The Chords shall sound; the trembling

Chords obey,

And joyn to celebrate this glorious Day.

VI.

But midst the Transports of a pleasing Rage

Let's banish ever hence,

By a blind Vapour rais'd, and vain Pretence,

Those loud seditious Clamours that engage

Only inhuman, brutish Souls,

By barb'rous *Scythians* only understood,

Who cruelly their flowing Bowls

At Banquets intermix with Streams of
Blood.

Dread-

184 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

Dreadful, preposterous, Merriment!
Our Hands all gayly Innocent,
Ought ne'er in such Confusion bear a Part,
Polluted with a savage Centaur's mortal Dart.

VII.

From this sweet innocent Repast,
(Too exquisite, alas! to last)
Let's ever banish the rude Din of Arms,
Frightful *Bellona*, and her dread Alarms.
The dire Confusions of pernicious War,
The Satyrs, Fauns, and *Bacchus*, all abhor.

Curst'd be those sanguinary Mortals, who
Of reeking Blood with crimson Tides

The sacred Mysteries imbrue
Of our great God who over Peace presides,

VIII.

But if I must wage War,
If so Necessity commands,
Follow, my Friends, advance your Hands,

Let us commence the pleasing Jar.
With Wreaths of Ivy be our Temples bound,
Hark! to Arms, to Arms, they sound,
Th' Alarm to Battle calls,
Lend me your formidable *Thyrse* ye *Bacchanals*.

Double

The Praise of Drunkenness. 185

Double your Strokes. Bold — bolder
yet,

'Tis done — — — — How many Rivals conquer'd lie?

How many hardy Combatants submit?

O Son of *Jupiter*, thy Deity,

And Sovereign Power, we own, and Aid
divine :

Nothing but Heaps of jolly Topers slain

I see extended on the Plain,

Floating in ruddy Streams of reeking
Wine.

IX.

Io Victoria to our King,

To *Bacchus* Songs of Triumph let us sing;

His great Immortal Name

Let us aloud to distant Worlds proclaim.

Io Victoria to our King,

To *Bacchus* grateful Strains belong;

O! may his Glories live in endless Song,

The vanquish'd wel'tring on the Sand,

One Health from us their Conqu'ror demand.

Fill me a Bumper. 'Trumpet found,

Second my Voice, loud, louder yet,

Sound our Exploits, and their Defeat,

Who quiet, undisturb'd, possess the Ground.

Io Victoria to our King,

To *Bacchus*, Songs of Triumph let us sing.

To

To this great Work now finished (God be thanked) I subscribe as usual in the like Cases of Books, for I love Decorum, and have an utter Aversion to Particularity, Prolixity, and Circumlocution. I say, to make short, I subscribe as usual, &c. in the like Cases, &c. for I love, &c. and have an Aversion, &c. the universally famous and most noted Name which is subscribed to all Books by what Name or Titles dignified or distinguished: Or of what Sort, Species, Size, Dimension, or Magnitude forever, Pamphletary or Voluminous; whether they be first and foremost, Plays, either Comical, Tragical, Comi-Tragical, Tragi-Comical, or Pastoral; godly, or prophane Songs, or Ballads; Sermons High or Low, Popish or Protestant, Dissenting, Independent, Enthusiastical, Brownistical, Heterodox or Orthodox; Philadelphian, Muggletonian, Sacheverelian, or Bangorian, Quaking, Rhapsodical, Prophetical, or Nonsensical; Legends golden or plain; Breviaries, Graduals, Missals, Pontificals, Ceremonials, Antiphonaries, Statutes, Spelling Books. Or, Secondly and Lastly, Tracts, Treatises, Essays; Pandects, Codes, Institutes; Primers, Rosaries, Romances; Travels, Synods, History Books; Digests, Decretals, Lives; Commentaries Anagogical, Allegorical or Tropological; Journals, Expositions, Vocabularies,

laries,
Comm
Bulls
i. e. n

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laries, Pilgrimages, Manuals, Indexes
Common or Expurgatorial; Almanacs,
Bulls, Constitutions, or Lottery Books, *viz.*
i. e. namely, to wit, or, that is to say,

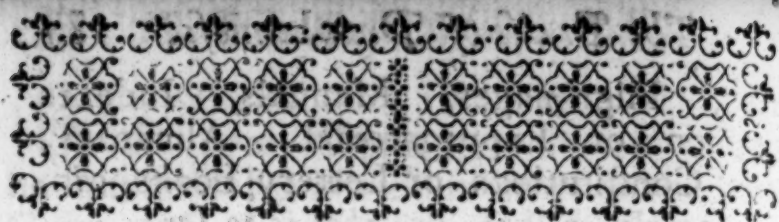
F I N I S.

Which being interpreted is,

The **E N D.**



POST-



POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING received the following Letter from a merry Friend, wherein are some (not unpleasant) Remarks, on the foregoing Treatise, I thought fit to send it to the Press, which the Reader, as he is at Liberty either to read, or let alone, so it is the same Thing to me, whether he does read it, or let it alone.

To the renowned *Boniface Oinophilus de Monte Fiascone*, A. B. C. Author of the most inimitable (and Non-pareil) Treatise, *Ebrietatis Encomium*, to be left with that Mirror of privative Perspicuity, Signor *Edemondo Curluccio*, at the *Bible* and *Dial* over against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*.

Right Trusty, and well Beloved, I greet you well,

HAVING perused (at the Book-sellers, who showed me the Sheets) your *Ebrietatis Encomium* all through, even unto *Finis*, or the *End*, I own I was not a little diverted

ted thereat. But as I never flatter any Body, so my Friends may least of all expect I should begin with them. I must, therefore, be frank and free with you, most renowned, and never-to-be-forgotten *Boniface*, *post nullo memorande sodales*, and tell you, that you have omitted several Things very material, and highly conducive to the Elucidation, or Illustration (chuse you whether) of your agreeable Subject. But perhaps they either did not occur to your Memory; or, which is the same Thing (*quoad Lectorem*) you were entirely ignorant of them, but which take as follow.

First and foremost, amongst your Philosophers you have taken no Notice of the stupendous *Des Cartes*, with his wonderful System of Whirlpools (Vortices) and Particles cubic, conic, striate, oblong, globular, hooked, crooked, spiral and anguilear: For who the Devil but a meer tipsey, giddy Brains, could have dished up such a confounded *Hotch-potch* and *Gallimatias* of whimsical Rotations, or fancied that the whole Earth whirl'd round like a Town-Top, had not *Vinorum materia subtilis*, the circling Effluvia of *Liber Pater* abundantly invaded his capital Regions.

So have I seen in Days of Yore a Dame
 At *Winchester*, who Seventy Winters knew,
 Not more nor less, my Mistress then yclept,
 Hight *Margaret*, deceas'd long since I trow,
 Whose Fate I thus bemoan'd in Song sublime.
 She's gone, alas! the beauteous Nymph is
 dead,
 Dead to my Hopes, and all my eager Wishes:
 Such is the State of poor unhappy Man,
 All Things soon pass away, nought permanent,
 That rolls beneath the Vortex of the Moon.
 So when we've screw'd up to the highest Peg*
 Our ample Lines of future Happiness,
 Some Disappointments dire, or Chance disastrous,
 Snaps the extended Chords. O! then farewell,
 No more shall visual Ray of Form acute
 Affect her wondrous Mien. Farewell those
 Lips
 Of Sapphire Tincture, Gums of Crocus Die
 Freed from that ungrateful Load of cumbrous
 Teeth.
 Mantle farewell, of Grograin brown compos'd,
 Studded with Silver Clasp in Number plural:
 With Jacket short, so famous, tory Red,

* You must remember my Mrs's. Name was Margaret.

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Not hemm'd, but bound about with good
Galloon

Of deepest *Mazarine* (delightful hue!)

Farewel (I sighing speak) those non-such
Shoes

Of obfusc Colour (Heel of Form cylindrous)

In Loves true Knot of verdant Ferrit tied.

But Oh! Farewel, a long and last fare-
wel,

To large *Ampull* with vital Water fraught,

Wherein the Effluvia soft and delicate

Of dulcet Anniseed (not Coriander)

In its capacious Rim of Form anguillar

Whirl in sweet Vortex. Hence it was ob-
served,

The subtile Matter, when in Throat retir'd,

Kept still its roulant Quality, and oft

Would mount in circling Spires to Pericrani-
um

Of She-Philosopher, when in elbow Chair,

Deep and profound, would the grave Ma-
tron reve,

And learnedly pronounce (like Great
RENATUS *)

With equal Verity the World turns round.

Secondly and foremost, you should have
added at the End of the Philosophers Chap-

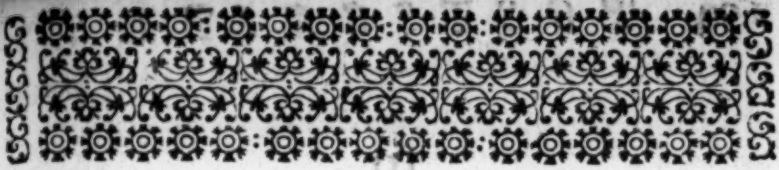
* Des Cartes's Christian Name.

ter, the Song of the *Tippling Philosophers*, which I send you here inclosed.

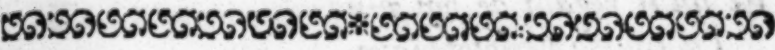
The Bookseller to whom I mentioned this, fancied truly, that you might think it too mean and trifling to insert. But without troubling my self to know, whether this be your Sentiment, or whether he spoke this of his own Head, I shall trouble my self to tell you, as this Song is taken from an excellent *French* one, which you may find in a very famous Book*, and which (to follow your Method) you may know by the Note at the bottom. The Song (whether you have ever seen it, or not, I neither know, nor do I care) is as follows, and will go with the same Tune as the *English* (if I am not mistaken).

* *Fureteriana*, p. 205.





CHANSON a BOIRE.



I.

 *E cherche en vin la vérité
Si le vin n'aide a ma foiblesse.
Toute la docte antiquité
Dans le vin puisa la sagesse.
Où ce par le bon vin que le bon sens eclate
J'en atteste Hypocrate,
Qui dit qu'il faut a chaque mois
Du moins s'enivrer une fois.*

II.

*Socrate cet homme discret
Que toute la terre revere,
Alloit manger au Cabaret
Quand sa femme estoit en colere.
Pouvons-nous mieux faire que d'imiter Socrate
Et de suivre Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.*

III.

Platon est nommé le divin
 Parce qu'il étoit magnifique
 Et qu'il regala de son vin
 La cabale philosophique.
 Sa table fût toujours splendide & delicate
 Il suivit Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

IV.

Aristotle buvoit autant
 Et nous avons lieu de le croire
 De ce qu' Alexandre le grand
 Son disciple aimoit tant a boire.
 Qu'il degeula cent fois sur les bords de l'Euphrate
 En suivant Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c,

V.

L'on veut que Diogene aimoit l'eau,
 Mais il n'ent point cette folie
 Il se logea dans un tonneau
 Pour sentir le gout de la lie.
 Et pour mieux boire au pot, il jetta la sa jatte
 Et tint pour Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

VI.

Democrite près de sa fin,
 Par une invention jolie,
 En flairant seulement le vin,
 De trois jour prolongua sa vie.
 Le vin retarde plus la mort, qu'il ne la hâte
 Temoïn notre Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

VII.

Heraclite toujours étoit
 En pleurs a cè que dit l' histoire,
 Mais ce que le vin lui sortoit
 Par les yeux à force de boire.
 Par ce remede seul il guerissoit sa rate
 Comme ordonne Hyppocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

VIII.

Epicure sans contredit
 De bons bûveurs est le vrai pere,
 Et sa morale nous induit
 Au plaisir, a la bônne chere.
 En vain l' homme icy bas d'un autre bien se flatte ;
 Suivous donc Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

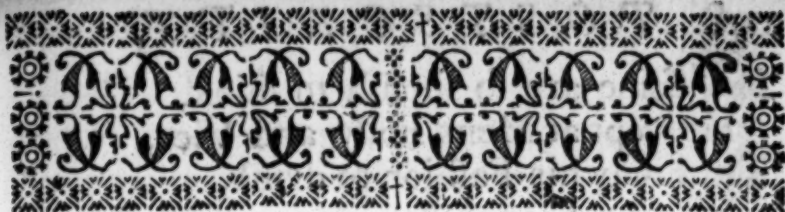
IX.

Esope quelque fois la nuit,
 De complot avec la servante
 Chalumoit sans faire de bruit
 Les tonneaux de son maître Xante.
 Il en eut mis dix pots sous sa grosse Omoplate,
 Il suivit Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

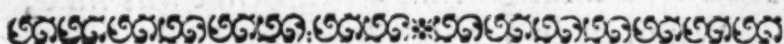
X.

Galen, ce fameux docteur
 En traittant du jus de la vigne,
 Dit qu'il faut défendre le cœur
 Contre la qualité maligne
 Qui trouble nos humeurs, les altere & les gâte
 Et rapporte Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.





THE
TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.



I.

*D*iogenes furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there is
Truth;

But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask, &c.

II.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny,
To tipple and cherish his Heart,
And when he was Maudlin he'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart:

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Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at Mens Folly and Vice,
 'Twas only his Fashion to drink,
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

III.

Democritus always was glad,
 Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
 And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing Bowl.
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was Drunk as a Lord
 At those that were Sober he'd laugh.

IV.

Copernicus too like the rest,
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And thought that a Cup of the Best
 Made Reason the better to shine.
 With Wine he'd replenish his Veins,
 And make his Philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

V.

Aristotle that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine.
 His Belly, most Writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering Trough,
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

VI.

Old *Plato* that learned Divine,
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone,
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits had never been known;
 By Wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

Thirdly and *Lastly*, I wish in *Chap. 23.* in
 your Answer to the Objection, *That one*
cannot trust a Man that gets drunk, you had
 been pleased to have taken Notice of the
 Taciturnity and Continency of the right
 Worshipful the *Free Masons* in this Respect.
 For

For tho' otherwise they are *free* enough of Speech, yet I do assure you, as to Secrets, tho' some of them love the Creature very heartily, and carouse abundantly, yet has it never been known, tho' never so fuddled (for Free Masons will get fuddled) that they ever discovered any of their Secrets. This is irresistible, irrefragable, irrefutable, or if you will, to speak (*norunt dialectici*) in *stylo infinito*, non-resistible, non-refragable, and non-refutable, and, indeed, is my *Argumentum palmare Scotisticum*.

But and, *Fourthly* also, and *Finally*, you will give me leave to remark to you, That in relation to St. *Boniface's* Cup, which you take Notice of *Chap. XI. p. 65. l. 10.* I do assure you, Sir, The Practice was some Years ago, to my certain Knowledge, much in vogue (and, as I am credibly informed, is still wonderfully Catholic) and, by the bye, take the following Relation.

In the beginning of the last Wars, when I was very young, I had the Misfortune to be Prisoner in *Luxembourg*, and not too civilly treated by the Governor, the morose Count *Dautel*. Close Confinement (tho' in the Post-Master's-House) with the unusual Smell of the Stoves (for it was in the cold Month of *March*) made me very ill, and worse, in all probability should have been, had I not obtained the Liberty of the Town, which, after many fruitless Solicitations, I de-

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despaired, from the ill-natured Governor, nor should ever have had, were it not by the pressing Instance of Father Cripps, a *German Franciscan* Frier, of the Convent of *Luxembourg*, whom they called there *Heer* * Cripps, being Confessor to the Governor, and having been once sent on a Message of Moment from him to the King of *Spain*, *Philip* the 5th, now reigning.

This Father was really a good Man, and a Man of Honour, him I gained by the good Nature of the Post-Master, whose Son was then in his Noviceship, in the Noviciate of their Order at *Ulflingen*. I need not tell you, that by Noviceship is meant that Year of Probation, which those who have a Mind to enter into any Religious Order in the Church of *Rome*, must pass thro', before they can be professed, or take their Vows. This you, who have been Abroad, must know as well as I.

This good Father, with much ado, obtained what I desired from the Governor, who he said was, *Homo mirabilis in negotiis suis*, which, by the sequel of his Discourse, I understood signified, a very strange Man in his Affairs. Gratitude obliged me to invite this Reverend Father to a Glass of

* *Heer*, in High Dutch, is the same as Monsieur in French, and is given to Persons of the highest Distinction.

Rhenish, the Wine of the Country, which he frankly accepted of in the Afternoon, and, indeed, drank very plentifully, *more Germanorum*, as you have described. But tho' he would drink largely as well as his Companion, yet I must own, that in none of the many merry Bouts we had together (for he visited me very often afterwards, as I did him, I never saw him so far advanced as to loose his Reason) he never failed a large Glass brimful to St. *Boniface*, which he drank to the pious Memory of the good Father, *ad piam memoriam boni patris*, and sometimes only to the good Father, *ad bonum patrem*. I found afterwards the same laudable Custom of St. *Boniface's* Cup in the *Low Countries*, *France* and *Italy*, &c. amongst the Religious.

And now, before I subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your most obedient, &c.

give me leave to tell you, that the *French* Religious, who do not speak much *Latin*, drink *Healts* in their own Language. But I was surprized, when I heard in a certain Monastery every one of the **F**athers drink a full Glass to each other in these Words, a *Bumper*, as I thought. I am obliged to your Reverence (Reverend Father, said I to the Procurator, who

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fat next me, and drank to me in the same Words) in drinking in our Country Language, you do me a great deal of Honour. It may be your Country Phrase, said the Prior to me, very gravely, for what I know; your Country Men make use of a great many of our Words, but the Thing it self, let the Word (or *vox significans*) be what it will, the Thing (or *res significata*) is very laudable, and every one will practise, who has any respect for the Sacred See, Holy Church, and the good of his own Soul. Did you never hear of the Indulgencies that the good Father, Holy Pope St. *Boniface*, has granted to such as drink his Cup, and which we have just now piously done? I ask your Reverence's Pardon, Reverend Father, said I, I thought we had only been drinking a *Bumper* to one another. *Seulement au bon pere!* replied he a little warmly (for the Conversation was all in *French*, and which Word I till then mistook for a *Bumper*.) Why, that is all, said he, *mais* (continued he) *c'etoit au bon pere Saint Boniface*. You see, Sir, the *double Entendre* *, and, that

* *The Transition from au bon pere, which is pure French to a Bumper, is very natural and infinitely more so, than that Golden Pippen should be derived from Cooper, which was said to be effected, in process of Time, after this manner, Cooper, Hooper, Roper, Diaper, Napkin, Pipkin, King Pepin, Golden Pippin.*

drink-

drinking of Bumpers, which some Precisi-
ans have ignorantly called Profane, is a
Practice very Orthodox and Catholic.

*Heigh Church militant, rare Church militant,
dainty Church militant, O!*

Dub. Dub. Dub. Dub a dub. Dub. Dub.

Tan. Tan. Tan. Tan. tara rara ra.

Adieu, mon tres-cher,

Votre ami tres-affectionné



Valet bien-humble

May 1, 1723.

From my Garret in
Bandy legged Walk.

F. SANS-TERRE.

P.S. I paid the Waterman Six Pence.

F I N I S.

OMISS.

PAGE 75. line 20. after *like* read *Lupins.* p. 191.
l. 4. after *Cylindrical* read *Worn only upon Days*
Non-ferjal.

ecifi-
is a

itant,

TERRE.

ce.

p. 191
bon Day